

**C N CALLING**

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

**THRILLING  
ADVENTURE  
ON A  
PRECIPICE**

See page 2

Number 1011 AUGUST 6, 1938

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Thursday, 2d Postage Anywhere  
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## MAN WILL TAME HIMSELF

See  
Middle  
Pages

### HIGHER & FASTER STILL

#### The Magic Carpets of Tomorrow

A THOUSAND leagues in the airman's flight are like an evening gone.

Every week and almost every day brings a new marvel to make us forget the older ones, but the promise of the future is not that new records will be created, but that what is a record today will be the regular thing tomorrow.

Astonishing as many flights have been this summer, none surpasses that of Scott and Black in flying from Suffolk, in England, to Melbourne, in Australia, in less than three days, a feat that even four years after it was made seems a miracle.

It was a flight accomplished by the two airmen under the stress of such hardship and fatigue that one of them, when asked what it had been like, grimly replied that to call it rotten would be praising it. But if all the expectations of the powers of some new machines are realised, a three-day flight to Australia will be put on the airways schedule.

According to this plan three years from now the route between London and Sydney will be covered by multi-engined liners with sealed cabins for the passengers. The purpose of the sealed cabin is to enable the planes to be flown at heights above the clouds and out of reach of storms.

At present the limiting height for comfortable flying is 11,000 feet. Even there the air is thin, and at 14,000 feet,

which is the height of Lake Titicaca in the Andes, many people suffer from exhaustion. What it is like to breathe air at greater heights the climbers who attempted Everest have told us.

But in America experiments have been made in planes with sealed cabins enabling flights of over 20,000 feet to be traversed without discomfort. *The sealed cabin carries its own atmosphere.* The cabin is airtight, so that it cannot be affected by the inflow of thinner air from without, and an air compressor worked by the plane's own engines keeps the cabin's atmosphere at the density most suitable for breathing.

The apparatus is the outcome of many experiments over a number of years in compressing air, and of conditioning it for human lungs. If the air is too much compressed, as it is in the caissons and behind the shields employed in tunnelling underground, the discomfort may even approach danger point. But if and when a happy mean is reached the three-day traveller will be carried almost as if he had never moved from his own bed-sitting-room.

The sealed cabin is the magic carpet of the future, which will make all the world near neighbours. The plane which, put to wrong uses, has threatened the peace of the world, may yet restore it by revealing a power that no war-minded people dare employ.

### REMARKABLE CHAIN OF LIFE

#### A Bunch of Roses For an Old Lady

WHILE the Editor's book on Nottinghamshire is proving one of the best-sellers in Nottingham, there comes to us an interesting story from a village in the county.

It is the village of Stapleford, six miles from the city, and the story is sent to us by one of the Methodist ministers there, the Rev. A. T. Marchant, an old friend of the C N, who tells us that he finds it a weekly tonic and inspiration.

In Mr Marchant's congregation is an old lady who has just celebrated her 90th birthday, having been a member of his church for 67 years. She still attends the morning service with unfailing regularity and is held in high esteem and affection by old and young.

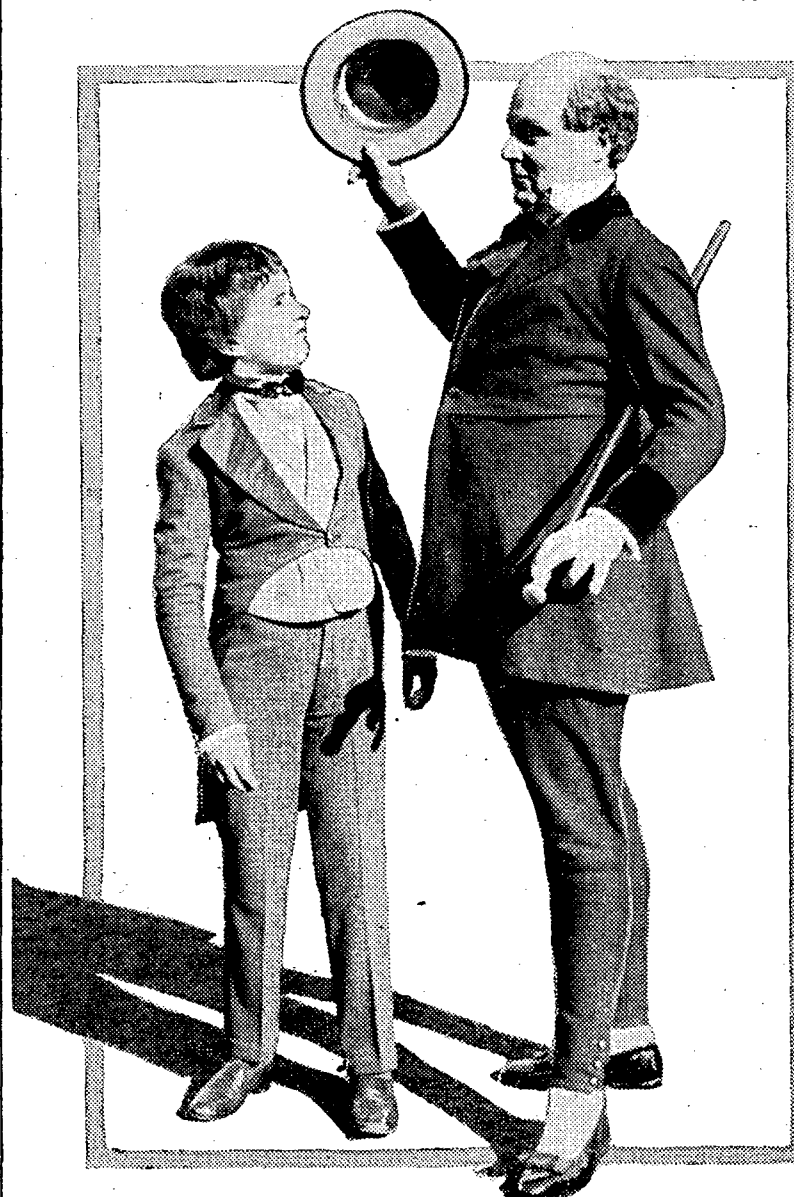
To mark her arrival at the 90th milestone the members of St Paul's Church presented Mrs Atkin with an eight-day clock and a bouquet of roses. We hope she will find the world as comfortable as a bed of roses, and that the clock will tick away for her nothing but happy hours as the years go by.

The remarkable fact about the story of this old lady is that she is one of five children born in her home, and all are still alive. Her youngest brother is 80, and the average age of the five is 84, their combined ages reaching the wonderful total of 422 years. It is a remarkable chain of life, long enough to take us back to a world which had not known Queen Elizabeth or Shakespeare or Milton, which had not heard of the Mayflower or the Reformation, which was still burning and strangling men and women because they believed in God.

What, we wonder, will another chain of life like this bring to the world? In 422 years more (that will be 2360) where will mankind be?

No man knows, but one thing we may be sure of, Liberty and Peace will have been established for ever in the world, and Truth and Justice and Faith, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, will still be among the old-fashioned and eternal things that stir the heart of man.

### Something Turns Up



Mr Micawber was long waiting for something to turn up. Here, in a Dickens pageant at Broadstairs, David Copperfield has turned up for him

### Waving His Flag in Paris

It would, we are sure, have delighted the King and Queen in Paris could they have known that little Yves from Madagascar was waving his flag among the crowds.

Madagascar is, of course, France's great colony, and this is the story sent to us by a lady who was in Madagascar at the time of King George's Jubilee.

On the great Silver Jubilee day it had been arranged to hold a tea-party for a number of English residents, and in the morning a service of thanksgiving was held at the English cathedral. The Governor-General and the Government officials were present. On returning from this service the party to which our lady correspondent belonged were met at the front door by the son of a high official holding up a miniature feather mop with great excitement. "While you

were at church (he said) I dusted all the tables and chairs, and now I have only the top half of the stairs to do. Then your house will look beautiful; it must look beautiful today, because it is your King's day!"

Would not George the Fifth, with his fatherly affection for all children, have been touched by the thought that, while at home our bells were ringing for his Jubilee, a little son of France in far-off Madagascar was dusting a house from floor to roof that it might be specially beautiful on that day?

It is too late for George the Fifth to know, but perhaps it would be a little joy to George the Sixth to know that this little friend of England who was dusting the house in Madagascar for a king in 1935 was waving his flag in Paris for the king's son in 1938.



## THE DAUNTLESS FOUR

### Three-Day Conquest of a Precipice

In the darkness, in bitter cold, with a blizzard raging about the heads of the climbers, four young Germans fought their way up the "impossible" North Wall of the Eiger in the Bernese Oberland.

Many have tried to climb this precipice of 3000 feet, which is the last step upward on the north side of the 13,000 feet Eiger, and many have paid with their lives for the desperate risk they took. This slightly sloping face is scarred only with ledges along which, from one to the other, the climbers must make their perilous way.

#### Watched Through Telescopes

Only two years ago a party of four attempted it, and were marooned on one of the ledges unable to go back or forward. There they remained helpless while horrified watchers in the valley below saw them fall one by one.

Such a fate threatened the four who, undeterred by the fate of their predecessors, set out to attempt a climb which the Swiss authorities had forbidden because of its danger. The Dauntless Four were Herren Voerg and Heckmaier of Munich and Harrer and Kasperek of Vienna. For three days and three nights they were on the exposed precipice in the shadow of death, but they succeeded.

They left Grindelwald and Kleine Scheidegg by different routes and met above the second snowfield of the Eiger at about 10,000 feet. The 3000 feet North Wall towered above them early in the morning, and they began at once to ascend.

All the first day till late at night they could be seen through telescopes making slow progress, and just before darkness closed in on them were seen on a ledge of this rock wall 12,000 feet up. There they must spend the night.

During the night the weather changed for the worse. Flurries of snow began to fall, and the watchers at Grindelwald and Kleine Scheidegg could not pick them out at all throughout the following day. A party of eight experienced guides set out for the Eiger Summit by the orthodox way, but having reached it could find no sign of the North Wall adventurers.

What had happened? It was hard to believe they had survived, but they had; they struggled on. When only 1000 feet remained a heavy snowstorm overtook them, and for another night a blizzard raging about them threatened to tear them from their ledges. They clung to them with the courage of desperation, for they could not get down.

#### All Night in a Cleft

Either they must reach the summit or make an almost hopeless attempt to cross the fresh snow sideways and reach a shelter hut 11,000 feet up. They said afterwards that, feeling their lives almost lost, they decided that they could not fare worse if they went upwards.

They spent the third night in a cleft in the wall, and then, with frozen limbs and fingers, began their last stage of 500 feet up an ice channel.

Bruised and half famished, they accomplished it, and, fortune at last favouring the brave, they stood on the afternoon of the third day on the summit. The North Wall which, throughout the history of Alpine climbing had held out defiantly, was conquered at last.

## The Children's Pictures

The wonderful exhibition of children's drawings at County Hall, Westminster Bridge, has been so successful that it has been extended and is to be open until August 17.

## GERMANY'S WANDERING JEW

This is possible in a great country. Because a journalist at Stettin was the cautious friend of a Jew he has been struck off the Journalist's Register for unworthy conduct.

Here is the story. The Jew did the journalist a good turn, and afterwards became his doctor. They did not mingle by going to one another's houses, because that was too risky for both, but they sometimes met in a country inn.

That was not the worst. One day the Jew called at the journalist's house while a birthday party was being held. He was not invited in, because there were Gentiles there who would not have liked his company; but the mere fact that he had presented himself argued, in the opinion of the Court of Honour who examined the journalist's conduct, a dark plot on it. The Jew must have thought he would be welcome.

We are often warned to be careful how we choose our friends. In Stettin you must be careful that they are not Jews, as like them you may find yourself outside the Aryan pale.

In the same country, the proscribed Jew, though made to feel hated and despised, must stay. If he wants to leave he must leave his money behind, and may not return. This is the newest version of the tale of the Wandering Jew, or the Highwayman's Philosophy of Stand and Deliver. If the Jew dares to wander he must do so on the ten marks which alone he can take with him on his travels.

It is difficult, however anxious we may be to be friendly, to see any basis of civilised society in all this; to us it is the most pitiful meanness that has ever entered the heart of man.

## THE EGG OF A BIRD NOW EXTINCT

### An Empire Memorial

An interesting story is told of an egg which has just come to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

It is an egg of the Kangaroo Island Emu (the island which lies off the coast of South Australia) the only egg of this bird, which became extinct in the early 19th century, that is known to exist. With it is a manuscript telling how the egg was found by Dr John Dunmore Lang about a hundred years ago. Dr Lang, the well-known writer on Australia (through whose energies New Zealand became part of the British Empire) happened to come across the egg in a sealer's hut on Kangaroo Island, the egg being suspended from a beam.

We must count this unique treasure now added to our national collection as not the least interesting of our empire memories, keeping green the name of a journalist whose years of crusading were crowned with success by the bringing of New Zealand under the flag.

## Rulers Beyond the Law

Three great European States have openly put in the claim that rulers and Governments are under no obligation to observe the standards of conduct which not only religion but the universal consensus of human opinion regards as humane, decent, and upright between men and men. The rulers of these States regard themselves as beyond the good and evil of the common morality.

If they prevail we shall go back to the jungle, but armed with weapons of destruction a thousandfold more destructive than tooth and claw.

In refusing to accept this divorce between religion and politics Pastor Niemöller is for the time being one of the foremost spokesmen in a cause in which we are all supremely interested.

J. A. Spender

## CAN THESE THINGS BE?

### Dollfuss and Four Years After

Great Germany has been celebrating, in the Austrian province of Carinthia, the event which four years ago contributed to make her greater. It was murder.

The murder was that of little Chancellor Dollfuss, whom everyone but Germany admired for his courage, his cheerfulness, and his modesty. He ruled Austria in its most turbulent time when Nazis and Socialists were trying to split it apart and were united in that if in nothing else. He ruled with an iron hand, but, right or wrong, none questioned his love of Austria, or his determination to keep its independence.

#### Memorable Last Words

For that he was murdered. A band of ruthless men burst into his official house and slew him on July 25, 1934, without giving him the remotest chance of saving his life, and without allowing a doctor to staunch his wounds, or a priest to utter in his ears a word of consolation to the dying. For him there was neither in that tragic hour, unless his last whispered words "I only wish for peace; May God forgive them" can be taken as the martyr's hope and crown.

A martyr he was to the cause he believed just, and a man for whom every civilised people found words of pity, and for his cowardly murder and his despicable assassins nothing but horror and condemnation.

That happened on July 25, 1934, and on the same day of July in 1938 the assassination was celebrated as a festival in Klagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, where the Nazi plot was hatched. The two assassins, tried, found guilty, and executed are now acclaimed as heroes.

#### A Vindictive Spirit

Could madness go farther than to celebrate this wickedness with an assembly of 24,000 Nazis and troopers in the town's public park, with blowing of trumpets, pealing of church bells, and the music of the hymn Holy Fatherland?

Can there be no repentance even at this the eleventh hour? Is Greater Germany not great enough to abandon this vindictive pursuit of those who still believe in eternal truth and in such old-fashioned things as Justice and Mercy? We may shudder to think of the successor of Little Dollfuss, Chancellor Schuschnigg, now in captivity at the mercy of the spirit which hails assassins as heroes.

He threw his cap into the grave of Dollfuss as he said Farewell: what is his fate to be now?

## Fire Over Vancouver

The most terrible forest fire ever known on Vancouver Island has swept over an area of 200 square miles.

It has destroyed about 100 million feet of cut logs and timber ready for shipment, and the loss of growing trees has been incalculable.

Ash from the fires fell a hundred miles away in the streets of Vancouver, blown by strong winds across the Gulf of Georgia, and the smoke made a pall hiding the sun. Terrified wild deer came out of the burning wilderness to take sanctuary in gardens.

It seems almost incredible, but it is feared that this appalling catastrophe is due to criminals, it having been found that in the early stages of the fire hoses had been cut and pumps had been tampered with.

## News Across the World

From Our New Zealand Postbag:

The oaks have lost their leaves. The first narcissi and violets are in bloom. But August will usher in Spring.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Though the final Test match is still to be played (at the Oval on August 20) Australia's victory at Leeds last week enabled her to retain the Ashes. Australia has now won 57 Test matches, England 54, and there have been 31 drawn games.

The first gold coin was brought up last week from the sunken Lutine frigate, which is now being raised off the Dutch coast; the bow of the vessel was brought up in pieces by a dredger.

The Post Office has spent £19,000,000 in the last 12 months on the telephone.

A pedestrian crossing made of amber-coloured concrete blocks is to be tried in Westminster.

The crews of two whalers just returned from Antarctica have given £51 2s 3d to the Lifeboat Institution.

A member of the village band at Horsmonden in Kent has been playing in it for 60 years.

A search for oil has begun in the Cleveland hills in Yorkshire.

More foreigners came to England last year than ever before; 403,154.

The greatest bell ever made, believed to weigh 200 tons, is now mounted on the street level in Moscow. It was found too heavy for a building to support.

According to experts, textiles will soon be on the market which will be air-cooled and will not crush, crease, or spot; they will be waterproof as well.

Coinage in Italy is soon to be made of a stainless steel alloy instead of nickel.

After the People's Car, Germany is to have a People's Refrigerator.

Ten thousand London girls have now used the Girl Guide camping site at Chigwell.

The Bishop Tugwell Diocesan Fund would be delighted to have back copies of the C.N. for Nigeria sent to 24 Grey Street, Newcastle 1.

## THINGS SEEN

Trucks full of babies fleeing out of the danger zone at Hankow.

Notice in a bus:

Children must not occupy seats while adults are standing, or they will be charged full fare.

Eight marigolds on one stem in a Staffordshire garden.

A fir cone 10 inches high and 14 round at Sutton Coldfield.

## THINGS SAID

I am confident of the future if you will work for peace, stick to democracy, and never give up your Christian faith.  
Lord Willingdon

We are seeing the worst forest fire since the white man came to British Columbia.  
Prime Minister of British Columbia

Do not be afraid to travel, and travel third class.

Professor W. G. S. Adams to Dulwich boys

This school has more higher certificates than any other school in England.  
Headmaster of Tonbridge

Nations sympathising with us might at least cease murdering us by supplying Japan with bombers and metals.  
China's Foreign Minister

No matter what happens, never will we be found in a camp opposing Britain.  
Turkish Foreign Minister

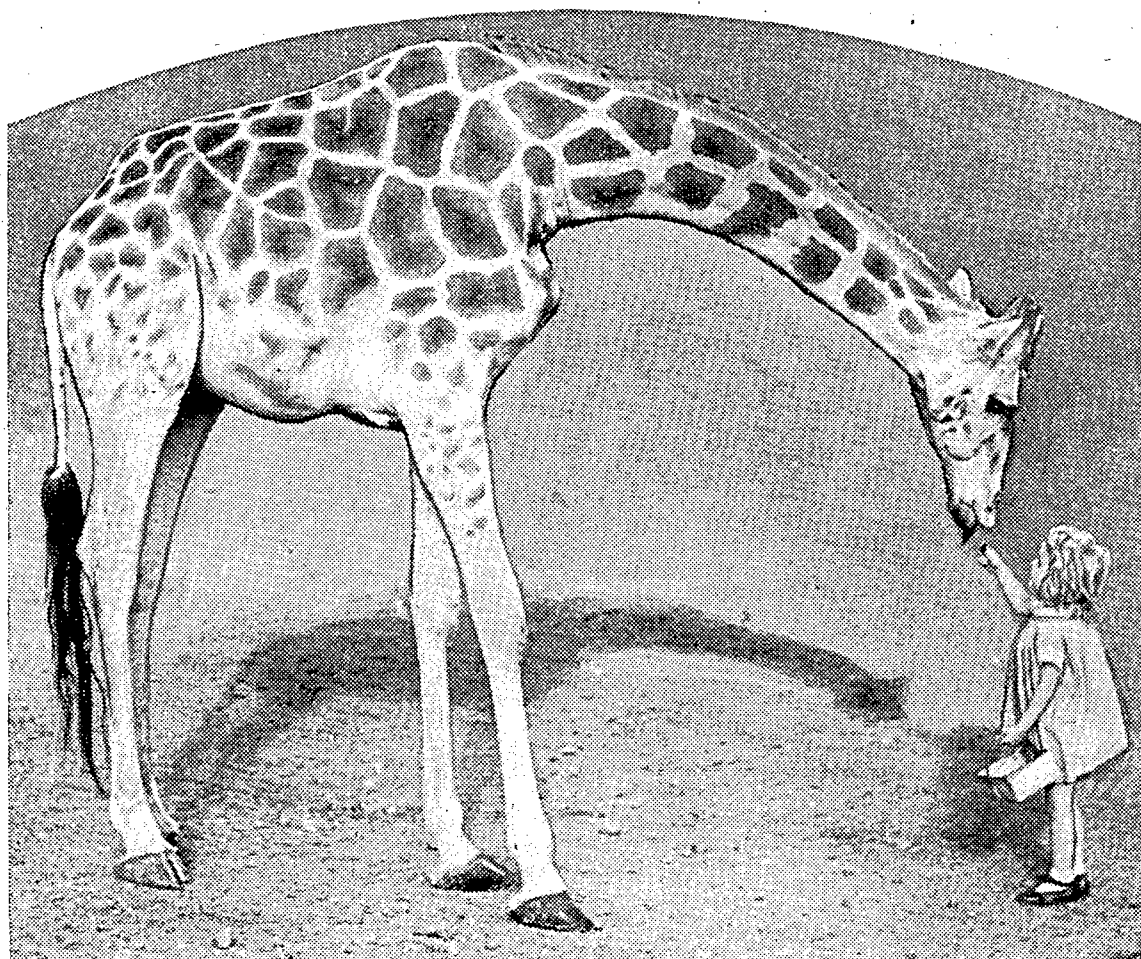
The strike weapon is out of date; I cannot imagine an opposition so intractable as to resort to it today.  
President of the Miner's Federation

Three times every year Nottingham swallows in beer, wines, and spirits the cost of its Council House.

A Nottingham Poster



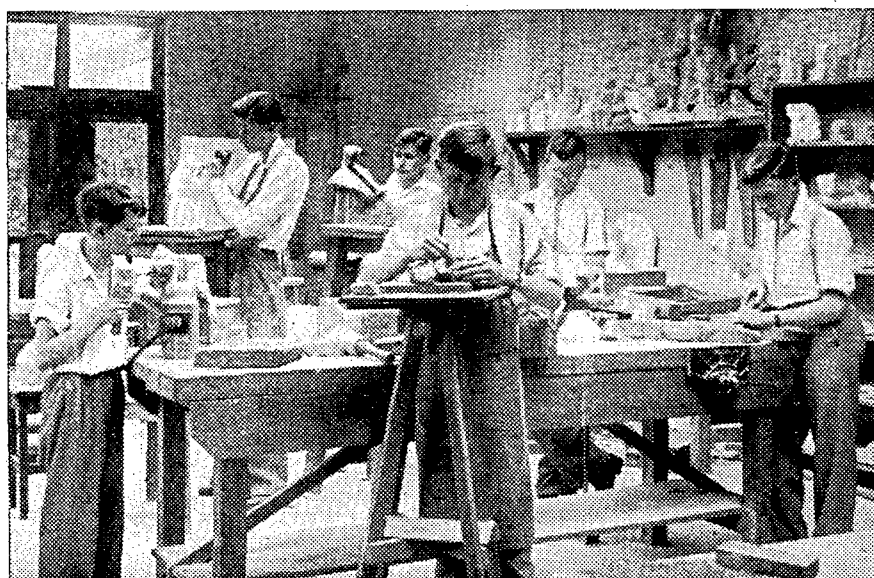
# Giraffe's Visitor • Lessons by the Sea • Village Industries



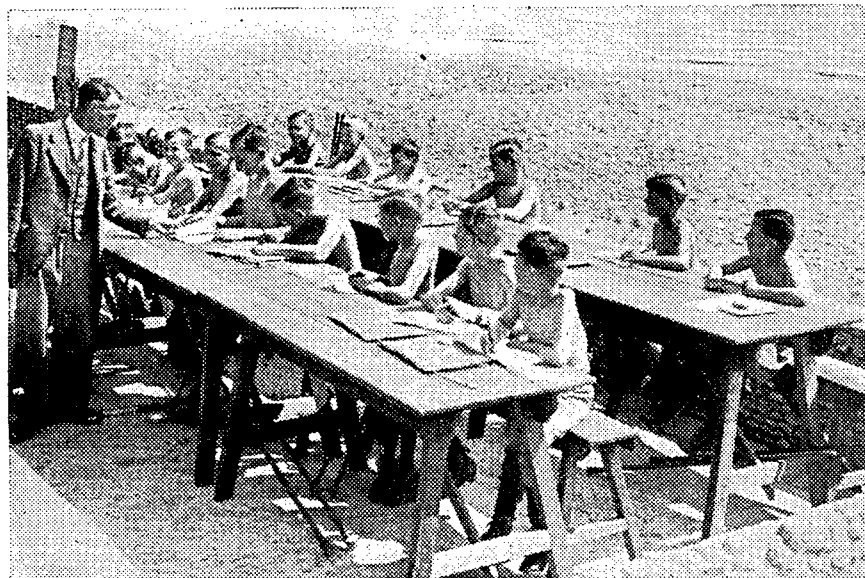
At the London Zoo—Betty the giraffe has a long way to bend to reach the tasty morsel offered by a little visitor



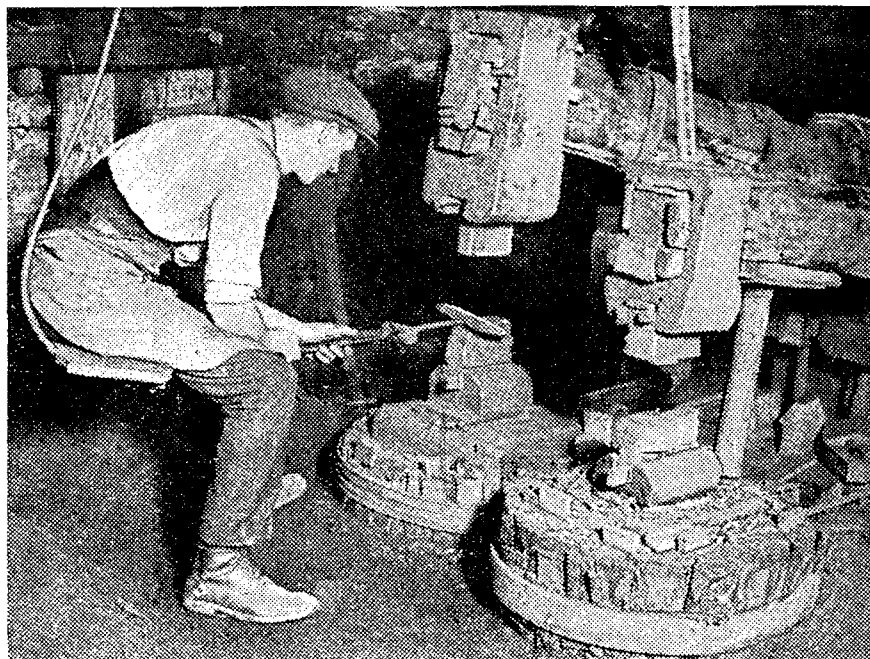
Three Generations—Mrs T. Miller, of Hampden Row, her two daughters, and a granddaughter, making face by hand



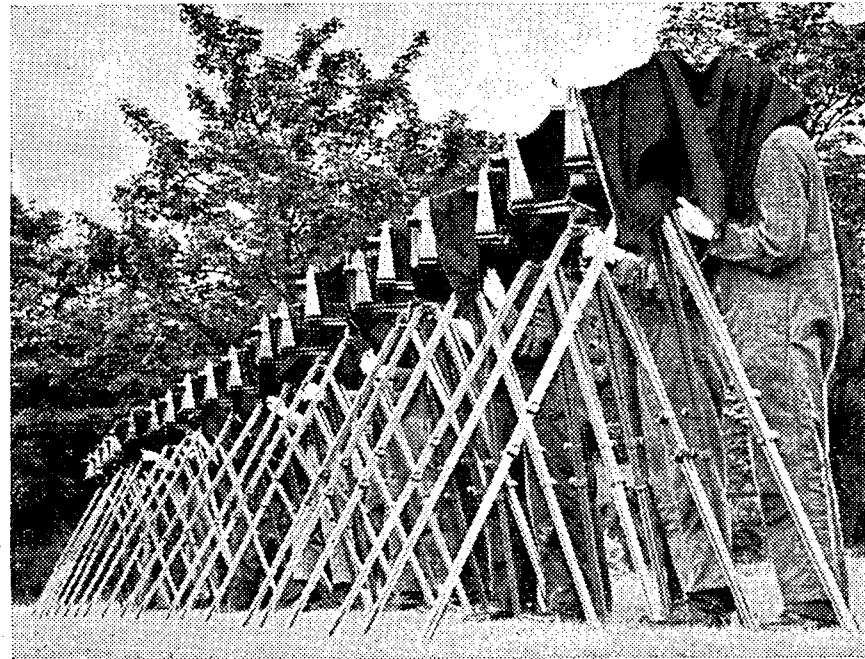
Schoolboy Sculptors—Boys of Blundell's School at Tiverton engaged on details for the new altar which they are building for the school chapel



Lessons By the Sea—These boys of the Challey Schools, the Public Schools of Christendom, are having their lessons at Tidemills, Bishopstone, on the Sussex coast



A Village Industry—Mr A. Loder, of Ogwell near Newton Abbot, a blacksmith who specialises in making edge tools for farmers and others. The giant hammers are worked by a water-wheel



Smile, Please!—A battery of cameras lined up at South Farnborough, where the R A F has a School of Photography



## A TALE REMEMBERED AT A DINNER

### The Assegai That Set Two Nations Mourning

A dinner held every year at Durban in Natal of men who fought in the Zulu War brings back vividly the memory of "old, far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago."

One of the survivors of this war, which is only a year short of having been fought sixty years ago, was at Isandhlwana, where nearly the whole of a British force was wiped out by one of Cetewayo's Zulu impis, and another, the youngest survivor of those days, a mere baby of 78, told a stranger story.

#### The Prince Imperial

It had to do with the loss of a brave young man whose death may have altered the history of France. He was the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie. When the British force under Lord Chelmsford set out to fight the Zulus, the young prince obtained permission to accompany it. He was only 23, but he was the hope of the French Bonapartists, who saw in him one who might restore the Napoleonic fortunes, which had crashed nine years before in the defeat of France by Germany.

The C N has a link with him, though a slight one, because the writer of this paragraph saw him once at Chislehurst, where he lived with his mother in exile. There is little doubt that she permitted him to go out to South Africa in the hope that the military distinction he might win there, however slight it might be, would endear him to the French.

But the military glory never came. One day the Prince Imperial went out with another young officer to reconnoitre. They were surprised by an ambush. Both endeavoured to mount their horses, but the stirrup of the prince broke, and he was left to face the Zulu warriors alone. An assegai pierced him and he fell.

The other lieutenant got away, and it is said that when he told his tale his commanding officer replied with the withering words, "Then what are you doing here?"

#### A Little-Known Memorial

Our Army felt that his loss was a disgrace to us, but to many French people it seemed a disaster, and to his poor mother it was a tragedy. She had lost her only son, and with him the extinction of all her hopes.

The prince's body was found and brought back to England, here to lie beside that of his father. There is a monument to him on Chislehurst Common; it is the obelisk thousands pass not knowing.

The Zulus were themselves dismayed, for they superstitiously believed that the killing of the prince was an omen signifying that they must ultimately be defeated, as indeed they were.

The strange tale the youngest South African survivor of the war told at the dinner was that recently he met a Zulu whose brother was the man whose assegai plunged two nations in mourning. *He had killed the Prince Imperial.*

### Grimaldi

Grimaldi is in the news because the house at Pentonville where he lived and died has now a tablet on it reminding posterity that the greatest clown lived there.

London has many memories of the famous Grimaldi. Drury Lane rang with his praises, but his last appearance was at Sadler's Wells.

We may see him as he was, in his own costume, in the London Museum, but for his grave we must go to the churchyard of St James's in Pentonville Road, now a public garden ringing with the children's laughter he loved so well.

## So the Life of the Empire Goes On HEROES WITHOUT ANY FUSS

WHILE a little ship is making its way up to the Canadian Arctic, taking members of the famous Canadian Mounted Police to relieve men who have been on duty for a year in the frozen wilds, the Government is planning an extension of the police force in Palestine which has to grapple with the less formidable phases of lawlessness now rife there.

It is part of the ritual of polite foreign visitors to assure us that our London police are "wonderful"; our own countrymen, travelling the wide spaces of the Commonwealth in distant lands, use the same phrase to describe men of whom we at home know little, the men who police the wilder places of the Empire.

The Canadian Mounties are perhaps the most famous of all these forces; they are lawgivers, advisers, doctors, friends, and helpers to the scattered communities over whom they are placed in control; but there are others with thrilling deeds to their credit, performed in the course of the ordinary day's duties to keep the Empire peacefully on its way. Many of these heroes are natives trained to British ways and ideals, men well worthy of the traditions they proudly maintain.

Some years ago a Madras inspector of police, Yusuf Ali, was awarded the King's police medal for ridding a native village of a man-eating leopard. When he arrived it had just killed a native, after seriously injuring five of his men.

## A School's 300 Years

SEDLEY'S Church of England School at Southfleet, a Kent village set in orchards, is claimed to be the oldest elementary school in the country, and has just been celebrating its 300th anniversary.

For ten generations the children of Southfleet have entered this school under the same old red-brick archway, which is as firm today as it was in 1637 when it was founded by Sir John Sedley, of the most prominent family in Southfleet's history. He directed in his will that £400 of his personal estate should be laid out by his executors in the purchase of lands, "profits to be employed for the maintenance of a schoolmaster for teaching the children of Southfleet."

In days gone by the school was repaired by the parish, who sold the produce of the garden surrounding it to defray the cost. Today those responsible for the fabric find themselves faced with

A native constable of the United Provinces, one Chet Singh, finding that a native girl had fallen down a deep, narrow well on a stormy night, jumped down the well and saved her, a perilous and gallant feat.

In the Central Provinces, during native disturbances, an elephant was stampeded and wandered off into the jungle, loaded with ammunition. Khalek Singh, a constable, went off singlehanded, and not only recovered the walking arsenal, but brought back with it 12 warring natives he had captured unaided.

A deed that might have inspired the muse of Kipling was that of Sujan Singh, a Punjab policeman. Plague visited his village and wrought terrible havoc with old and young alike, so that the dead had to lie unburied. Sujan risked his life to save the lives of the remainder of the stricken community; he went alone and made the village safe by burying some bodies and cremating others. Not only was he in peril of death from contagion, but by touching the dead he offended a religious ordinance, and so caused himself to be boycotted by those whose lives his heroism had saved.

We find the same breed of heroism in Africa, where, typical of the best of his gallant fellows, Dina wa Ndula, of the East African Police, plunged to the rescue of two natives in the Athi River at a point where it swarmed with crocodiles.

Of such are the heroes by whom the business of the Empire is quietly and unfussily carried on from day to day.

a serious problem, for the buildings need to be reconditioned, approximately £600 being required.

Like all schools, Southfleet had its good and bad boys and girls. An honourable scholar was Colonel Brasyer, who died in 1897; he rose from the ranks, and his bravery in the Indian Mutiny resulted in his receiving several honours. Arthur Wellard, who played in the second Test Match against Australia at Lord's not long ago, is another old boy.

Old inhabitants remember a headmaster named Mr Mullinder, for he ruled by the rod, and has left behind him these words which he apparently lived up to. "Dang my buttons," he would say, "if they don't want it now they very soon will!" A headmaster who left happier memories behind him was a cripple, yet not only carried out his scholarly duties but was organist, choirmaster, parish clerk, and postmaster.

### Honest Folk

Lowdham in Notts is a lovely spot in spring, when the orchards are filled with blossom, and the gardens with daffodils, but Mr Herbert Bingham never sees this loveliness. He is blind.

About 15 years ago he retired to Lowdham and opened a little store; then he went blind. Most men would have given up the shop, but Mr Bingham carried on business as usual, and is still doing it with the help of his son.

The wonderful thing about this village store is that Mr Bingham has to trust everyone. It would be easy to cheat him, but he has never found a dishonest customer. People come into his shop and find what they want if Mr Bingham cannot put his hand on it. They will often weigh their own goods, and even help themselves to change from the till. Motorists and tourists who look in are sympathetic when they find that Mr Bingham cannot see them, and never, so far as he knows, has a stranger taken advantage of him.

All this makes us feel that, as we have said so often, it is a kindly world.

### How They Got Down

This year a mallard, one of the wild ducks which frequent Regent's Park, built its nest on a roof in Baker Street.

There a brood of ducklings was safely hatched and reared, and the problem then was how the mother was going to get her brood down to the waters of the lake.

There is a lift and there are the stairs, and it would have been a fine sight to have met them on the way, but the gardener settled it by taking the little ones down in his hat, while the mother went by air.

### The Lettuce Train

Lancashire, world famous for its cotton goods, is becoming equally famous for its lettuce and celery.

Every night a special express freight train of 30 vans with thousands of lettuces bound for London pulls out of Glazebrook, the Lancashire centre of the English lettuce industry.

Almost at the same time a special freight train with Lancashire celery pulls out of Ancoats bound for London.

## TIME TICKING ON Watches Have Their Marathon

A curious annual event known as the Watch Marathon has been held at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

In this competition the world's most accurate watches are submitted by their makers to stringent tests for accurate time-keeping.

The tests are carried out with the watches lying face down, face up, and in three sideway positions, marks being awarded for accuracy under these conditions and for accuracy under changes of temperature.

This year's winning watch achieved the amazing accuracy average of only half a second variation a day.

Even this is not a record, for the highest marks in these tests have been twice before surpassed by watches by the same makers. But a curious feature is that one firm has carried off first prize every year since 1933, and this year also gained nearly half of the first 20 places.

But, though the record performance this year has been previously surpassed, the tests show that watches are becoming more accurate, partly due to the competition of scientific time keepers such as Tim, the telephone time signal, which is kept permanently accurate by Greenwich Observatory.

In the recent tests 19 watches reached the high figure of 96 per cent marks and over, compared with 14 the year before.

The fact that these watches achieve such amazing efficiency is a compliment to the watchmaker craftsman. They are just ordinary pocket watches, no bigger than the average man's pocket watch, which we can buy at any jeweller's. In fact, the first two places were won by watches with movements only one-and-three-quarter inches across.

## A FRIENDLY WORD FROM GERMANY

### No Lasting Enmity Between Peoples

It is worth while to put on record, as a very pleasant feature of the royal visit to France, this cordial greeting from Berlin. The German official Diplomatic and Political Correspondence had this:

This State visit is regarded in Germany with a feeling of comprehension.

It is realised that the manifestation of friendship between the two democratic States is not aimed at forming a bloc of these democracies against other States which prefer different forms of government, but is intended to promote mutual understanding in Europe.

Views expressed by responsible British and French statesmen in the last few days give rise to the hope that the course of foreign policy may be one of compromise and moderation.

Fortunately there is no such thing in history as an eternal hereditary enmity between peoples, and if goodwill is present understanding can be brought about so long as legitimate interests are recognised.

## The School and the Schooner

Many are the friendships that are formed through the British Ship Adoption Society.

Letters from schools in England go out to the crews of British vessels all over the world. The carpenter on an oil tanker in South American waters wanted to show the younger boys at Hungerford Road School in Islington how the lonely men appreciated their letters, and he made them a model of a schooner, which the boys are very thrilled about. And they, in turn, have sent their friend a wallet, and to the crew of his ship a supply of cigarettes.



## TAYAN AND TESLEKAK

It is good to hear that Tayan has been made chief of Wrangel Island (the island in the Arctic Circle which belongs to Russia) and head of the Arctic research station there, for Tayan is an Eskimo.

He has been assistant chief of the station (in charge of the buying of furs) for the past two years, and has shown himself to be a splendid organiser and leader. By his side is his wife Teslekak, who is adding to her many tasks by learning all about wireless.

## THE MEDIEVAL PLAYGROUND

The monastery of Krushidol, in Yugo-Slavia, is a gay place this summer, for its ancient walls echo with children's laughter.

Its visitors are poor boys and girls from Belgrade. As the years go by there are fewer and fewer monks, and the church authorities have decided to turn many medieval monasteries into playgrounds for poor children.

## VASTNESS OF AUSTRALIA

The Inspector-General of the Royal Air Force (Sir Edward Ellington), who is visiting Australia, has been impressed by the vastness of the Commonwealth.

In flying from England to Australia he passed on the first day's journey over four countries, on the second day's journey four countries, and on the third day five countries.

"And yet," says Sir Edward, "when I reach Australia I travel in a day the 1,400 miles from Perth to Adelaide, and in all that vast distance I pass over only a part of this vast continent."

In the near future Australian National Airways proposes to extend the one-day flight to include Melbourne, a distance of nearly 2000 miles.

## THE PENSIONER AND THE VILLAGE GREEN

A story which shows that machines cannot always replace craftsmen comes from Horsmonden in Kent.

For many years the village has been proud of a two-acre green which provided a quiet refuge from the rush of modern life.

The annual mowing had been done by machine, but the grass apparently found modern methods harmful, for it began to lose its smooth greenness and to grow in yellowish clumps. It was suggested that this year's mowing should be done by scythe, but men who can scythe are hard to find nowadays, and the Parish Council could not find one.

So an old age pensioner came forward and offered to mow the grass with a sickle, and after three weeks of hard work he completed his task and Horsmonden's delightful village green is not only close-trimmed but healthy again.

## THE HERO

Albert Victor North is dead.

He will long be remembered at Dudley as one of the heroes of peace, for he gave his life in order to save the lives of hundreds.

A brilliant young engineer at the gas-works, he was badly burned by an explosion. Realising that unless the gas supply to the town were cut off there would soon be an explosion big enough to shatter a tremendous area, he paid no heed to the fact that his clothing was on fire and that he was in great pain, but, crawling over the mains, succeeded in cutting off the town's supply. He was then hurried to hospital, dying 48 hours later, almost a year to the minute after his wedding.

## WE ARE SHORT OF HAY

The amazing weather of 1938 has given us a very poor hay crop.

It is likely to be two million tons short of the average, which means a crop of less than five million tons for England and Wales. The yield is only one ton an acre. It means great trouble and loss for our livestock farmers, who will have to purchase much expensive fodder.

## The Flying Men and the Herrings

Piloting an aeroplane to catch fish may seem absurd, but this is what Mr Sam Reid of Edinburgh and Mr George Leslie of Shetland have been doing.

On their own initiative and at their own expense these two young men have been helping the herring fleet in an unusual fashion. They have been keeping a look-out for herrings from the air, and as a result of their services the fleet at Lerwick has caught more than ever.

Fishermen know the signs which betray the presence of shoals of herrings;

flocks of seabirds, small whales sending up spouts of water, and a variation in the colour of the sea are all indications that millions are swimming near the surface. But it is easy for a vessel to sail within a few miles of a vast shoal and miss it, though anyone a thousand feet up would see it at once by the colour of the water. Acting on this principle, Mr Reid and Mr Leslie have been flying out to sea at dawn to survey a wide area, and race back to port with news of the whereabouts of the herring shoals. If the fleet was at sea they dropped messages in bottles.

## THE SWAN REMEMBERED

From the north of England comes news of a swan which did not forget an injury.

It seems that a woman was drawing water from the village pond when a swan approached. She dealt roughly with it, and then went off, never giving the incident another thought. But the swan remembered, and though the woman did not again go near the pond for some weeks, it was waiting for her. The minute she appeared it rushed upon her, dragged her into the water, and might have drowned her had not neighbours rushed to her rescue.

## A CLOCK ON ST HELENA

In the C.N. some time ago we gave an account of the clock over the Cutler Street warehouse of the Port of London Authority.

We now hear that there is an older clock still, built by the same firm, Thwaites of Clerkenwell, in 1786, for a church tower on St Helena.

This clock is an excellent timekeeper, and seems to need no electrifying, like its younger brother in London.

It gave the time to the Duke of Wellington when he landed in St Helena in 1805, and in 1821 it ticked out the last moments of Napoleon.

## THE DISCOVERY'S PENNANTS

West Riding of Yorkshire Scouts have won the honour of three pennants, a blue, a green, and a second blue, flying from the Discovery, indicating that they have subscribed £1500 to the Appeal Fund. They are confident of reaching the £2000 mark.

## THE OLD HOUSE RENEWS ITS YOUTH

Bramshill House in Berkshire has been restored to its former glory.

It is one of the finest Jacobean buildings in England, but two years ago lay empty and uncared for. Then Lord Brocket bought it, carefully strengthening its walls and filling its rooms with precious pictures and fine furniture. The other day he let the public in to see the wonderful work he has done, and we learn that one of the first week-end visitors was the German ambassador.

Bramshill has once more taken its place in the life of the nation.

## Christopher Saxton's Maps

The British Museum has added a pack of cards to its treasures.

No other pack like it is known. They were made in Queen Elizabeth's day, and at the back of each is a map of a county of England or Wales.

The first map-maker of note in England, Christopher Saxton, was born near Morley in Yorkshire. The year of his birth is unknown, but he began making his county maps in London about 1574, and completed his survey in 1579. He was encouraged by Lord Burghley, the Queen's great Minister, and he seems to have devoted all his energies to the making of the first survey of the counties. He was given authority to



An outing for a little white boy in India

## KEEPING THE GERMANS ON THE LAND

It is widely known that 'Germany helps young people to marry and to make homes by lending them money, free of all interest and repayable by very easy instalments. These helpful loans are of £50.

The marriage loan is now made a free gift to Germans who stay on the land for ten years. In addition, a young farmer may borrow more money up to £150 free of interest to set him up in machinery, livestock, and equipment.

This is done because so much importance is attached to preserving the agricultural population. The conception is that life on the land should be made as attractive as town life.

## THE HERO OF THE SNOWS

The case of a rural postman in Monmouthshire was described as typical of a postman's devotion to duty by Mr H. W. Wallace, when presenting the case for wage increases for postmen at for Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal not long ago.

On Christmas Day the postman was delivering letters to an isolated farm; and his body was afterwards found frozen in a snowdrift in a field near by.

## THE BIRKDALE BOYS

The boys of Birkdale Preparatory School in Sheffield have made their own swimming bath. Part of the playing ground behind the school has been dug out, and about 80 boys have shaped a bath 40 feet long and 16 wide. They put the bricks in position, helped to line the bottom with cement, cleared up the area round about, and built the filtration plant which cleans 23,000 gallons of water in the bath once in six hours.

## A BURIED FOREST COMES TO LIGHT

Ploughing on Tramp Farm near Lincoln has brought to light a buried forest.

For centuries the land has been ploughed in the ordinary way, but now that a gyro-tiller has been employed the soil has been disturbed to a greater depth, and the trunks of trees which may have flourished in the early Stone Age have been found. Some of the trunks are 40 feet long, and unearthing them is no easy task.

Among the roots has been found a flint knife which seems to have been reshaped in the Bronze Age.

## THE PLANE TO THE RESCUE

The beneficent side of aviation is well illustrated by the remarkable journey of the British Resident in the Indian Native State of Kashmir. Taken seriously ill, and needing treatment in England, he was flown 600 miles to Bombay, where he was just able to catch a liner for London.

## THE GARDEN BOAT

Mr John Staniland, of Newark, has built a boat in his garden. She is 36 feet long, and is intended to sail the seas.

For over two years Mr Staniland has worked as a shipbuilder. With one man to help him, he has shaped the trunk of an oak to serve as the keel, has heated stout planks with steam and bent them into position, and built up his ship bit by bit till she is now the admiration of all who have seen her. With her engines, and beautiful cabin lined with oak and mahogany, she is a marvellous craft, eager to sail the Seven Seas though she was born in England's green and pleasant county of Nottingham.

## THE IRON SCEPTRE

Iron and steel are down again, after making such great progress, a curious measure of the instability of trading.

If we look at the British steel returns we find that as recently as last November there was a record output for the month of 1,178,000 tons, yet only seven months later the output was down to 776,000.

However, this June figure is better than the steel output before the war, and there is good hope of recovery.

## ENGLISH FORBIDDEN

Anyone who happened to go near a certain estate in Scotland recently must have been puzzled by a group of girls camping there, for they were talking in a tongue strange to most of us, Gaelic.

The 40 young people were from the Highlands and islands of Scotland, members of the Gaelic Youth Movement called the Comunn No Hoigridh. Every year a camp is held during which only Gaelic is allowed to be spoken, anyone heard speaking English being expelled.

The movement has been in existence for three years and there are 80 branches and 3300 members.

## THE MOVING MOUNTAIN

For five years great masses of Mount Chakchak in Eastern Anatolia have been gradually sliding down toward the village of Agha.

At first the 500 people who live there took no notice, believing the movement of the mountain would be checked; but lately they have become alarmed. The mountain is still in movement, and masses of it have come so near that they are in danger of being crushed by huge masses of rock. The people have decided to transplant their village of 75 houses to a safer place.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 6

1938

## Better Feeling

IN the last few months much progress has been made by the Prime Minister in his declared policy of bringing about a better feeling in Europe.

Mr Chamberlain not only hates war, he hates war talk, and always he keeps before him the terrible results of the Great War.

It is good to feel that, however unhappy we may be about events in Europe and Asia, the Prime Minister's policy has so far been marked with a success as rapid as important.

Czecho-Slovakia was for long headlined as a war issue, but that folly has largely evaporated. The subject is now reported in properly moderate terms as a matter capable of peaceful adjustment.

The financial trouble with the Irish Free State has been a great gain on both sides of the Irish Sea, and there are so many millions of Irish in the United States that the good has reached across the Atlantic.

Then there was the shadow of the Austrian Debts. Germany, in absorbing Austria, became morally liable for the absorbed Government's debts, and it was freely asserted that grave trouble would result from her refusal to honour the obligation, but this fear has also been dissipated.

The Government is pursuing a determined policy of appeasement, uttering no word and taking no step which is not calculated to prevent war, and as a consequence every week that passes calms the European atmosphere. Exaggerated talk becomes more and more difficult as the policy of common sense registers a series of peaceful triumphs, and we must all pray that Peace will gain the time it needs to establish itself firmly. *The longer war is put off the less likely it is to happen.*

## Triumphs and Tragedies

THE most important recent world news is from the air, and it is both good and bad. It speaks of man's triumph and of his folly; it is full of both promise and despair.

What the world needs is to preserve for men the good of science while destroying what is bad. Reason and justice alike dictate that science should be used to give comfort to all men and all races. We have to recognise that at heart all men are alike. Unless we can realise this and govern our lives on this understanding science will continue to present us in one hand with peaceful triumphs which the other hand will turn to destruction.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Play Street

THE London experiments with Children's Play Streets have proved a great success.

These streets, to which every form of motor vehicle is barred access, have been tried out in several places and help to solve a problem which should never have arisen. A cul-de-sac (a street with a closed end) or any short street serves the purpose, and there are scores of suitable places.

A clear sign guards the entrance, and motorists respect it. Children can play in these closed streets with perfect safety, and the few experiments made must surely lead to the wide adoption of so excellent a plan.

## All She Has



A Chinese war widow with her baby and all she has—seeking a refuge camp. Please send a mite to the Lord Mayor's Fund at the Mansion House

## Congratulations to the Post Office

THE G P O is to be congratulated on the new post offices now appearing all over the country. They are well designed, comfortable, and really study the convenience of the public.

Writing-desks and chairs are provided and the latest post offices have pleasantly furnished inquiry rooms.

Even the old, well-founded gibe at the post office pen has been killed, and the new pens have found such favour that it has become necessary to inscribe the monogram G P O on the handles!

Now it only remains to improve the post offices in corners of shops.

## South Africa's Future

THE slow growth of the white population of the Union of South Africa, with its area of 473,000 square miles, is truly remarkable.

It is now about two millions, less than four to the square mile!

It is clear that the most praiseworthy efforts do little to provide population for so great a land, and it is to be hoped that more will be done. It must be done if South Africa is to remain a White Man's Country.

## The Louts

TWO correspondents have something pertinent to say about the Litter Lout.

The first refers to town litter, and wonders what foreign visitors think of us when they see rubbish accumulating in such places as the entrance to Hyde Park Corner Underground, Knightsbridge, opposite Sloane Street, and other prominent spots.

The second refers to country litter, which shows no sign of reduction. Tradesmen even coolly throw down cigarette cartons within the premises they visit or at their very gates, and the other day we saw an ice-cream man throwing down a whole collection of his wrappers, on which is a commendable appeal not to litter the countryside!

On a certain hilltop in Kent the owner has put a public seat, and behind it the other day were found over a hundred tins, cans, and boxes.

## THE BROADCASTER

ABOUT 65,000 Guides are now camping in this country.

AN unknown friend has given the Bible College of Wales at Swansea £10,000.

SEVENOAKS RURAL COUNCIL is buying 2000 acres of its countryside.

## JUST AN IDEA

You must be contented if you are to be happy, and to be contented you must find your place in the world and do your duty in it.

## Under the Editor's Table

LONDON boys should be allowed to do gardening in the parks. They would soon take to their beds.

A HOUSEWIFE says she has been plagued with gnats three years running. They usually fly.

THE propeller of an aeroplane has cut the string of a kite. Jealousy?

ANGLERS will travel long distances to reach a favourite lake. And sometimes take the wrong line.

No self-respecting gardener works hard. But he turns up.

THE man who chose the outlook for his house years before the house was built was evidently a man of decided views.

WE have been much interested to see that Sir William Brass is producing a book on the Silver Jubilee printed on vellum for the King—a truly golden deed.

LITTLE girls should keep their frocks where they can easily find them. But should try not to spot them.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If dentists live from hand to mouth

## To Martin Niemoeller

IN countries filled with fear,  
Where rulers ever go  
With triple ranks of guards  
And rifles row on row  
And every friend may be  
A spy and secret foe,

How men must envy you

The man who knows no fear,  
The man who dares to speak  
What slaves are not to hear,  
The man unbroken still  
Though prisoned for a year.

For you have naught to dread.

No cell of stoutest stone  
Can keep God's presence out,  
You are not there alone.  
Death? That would make you live

With all the heroes known.

Now all across the world

For Niemoeller men pray;  
Yet why? His heart is free.  
The prisoner, let us say,  
Lives in a palace, armed  
And guarded night and day.

Janet Farwell

## Afternoon Tea

By the Pilgrim

WE broke a rule the other day and went out to afternoon tea.

It was served in a garden with sheltering trees and warm sunshine and broad flower-beds, a picture to gladden the heart.

There were little tables under coloured umbrellas, a gay scene on the smooth lawn. There were sixty women from the local Poor Law Institution, and somehow as we watched them in that fair setting our hearts were strangely moved. Some of the lady's motoring friends had called and taken them for a run before tea. She had received them all as if they had been duchesses. After showing them round her lovely home and chatting with them she saw them arranged in groups round small tables, herself and a few friends waiting on them. After tea there were songs and stories, and when it was time to go the lady's youngest child, a little girl of five, gave every guest a small present.

When all the guests had gone the lady turned to us with a radiant smile and said reverently, "Poor dears; they don't know how happy they've made me."

## These are the Blest

Who are the blest?  
They who have kept their sympathies awake,  
And scattered joy for more than conscience sake:  
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,  
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;  
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease,  
Whose smiles are pleasant and whose words are peace:  
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,  
Teachers of truth, and ministers of love.



August 6, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

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## THE MOTHERLAND & HER OLDEST COLONY

### Prosperity Returning to Newfoundland

Good news across the Atlantic has come from Newfoundland, our oldest Dominion.

In desperate straits six years ago, her revenue last year was the highest in her history, £170,000 more than in the boom year of 1929.

It will be recalled that so serious was the economic and political situation of the island a few years ago that its people appealed to the Motherland for help. A Royal Commission was sent out, and recommended the temporary suspension of the Constitution, and the government of Newfoundland by the Governor and six Commissioners—three from the Dominion and three from the Motherland. The people of Newfoundland were asked to agree to this course as a condition of financial help being sent from the British Treasury, and they agreed.

### No Increased Taxation

It was estimated that this grant-in-aid would be about £700,000 last year, but only about £263,000 was needed to balance the £2,455,000 budget. Customs and income-tax had provided unexpected amounts.

The Commissioner for Finance has therefore planned to spend the biggest annual amount which has ever been spent in Newfoundland, over £3,000,000, and he is doing this without increasing taxation. He is, on the other hand, restoring in full the reductions made in war pensions and teachers' salaries four years ago, and increasing the allowances to widows and old people.

There is still much to be done before full prosperity returns to this Dominion, and the Commissioner is wisely spending money on reconstruction work. A sum of £281,000 is to be devoted to improvements in fishery and agriculture, to education, to roads and bridges, and to hospitals, while a slightly smaller sum is to be used to ease the unemployment problem by relief works.

In addition the airport is to be enlarged, and a broadcasting station and a wireless telephone service with America established.

The Motherland will continue to help her oldest Dominion for a little longer, and she may feel proud of the fact that her timely help has enabled this island of hard-working men and women to see prosperous times ahead.

## A CHILD'S MINIMUM

### Bread and Butter Policy

That the nation should guarantee the supply of essential foods to all our people, whatever their means, is the policy of some of the members of the Children's Minimum Council, which has the support of many influential people.

We may call it a Bread and Butter policy, a policy of building a healthy, strong population by making sure that they are well fed. That such an end is desirable no one can doubt; that the thing is as yet impossible is also clear.

Obviously the first thing is to make sure that all children are well fed. A child can hardly eat too much, for it has not only to make good the waste of its body but to grow, and growth cannot take place save out of food eaten. That, of course, is why the children of well-to-do people are, on the average, taller and heavier than the children of the poor.

A certain beginning has been made with the school milk scheme, and it is probable that this line of advance will be followed up. We can imagine a plan to provide a substantial mid-day meal for every child in every school, thus making sure of one main item in the feeding system.

## London Millions of Years Before Us

To the Geological Museum at South Kensington (the finest museum building in the kingdom, we believe) several exhibits of the earth beneath our feet have just been added.

The newest of them all is a geological relief map of the Earth, with the continents and oceans painted in their appropriate colouring on a globe six feet in diameter, which, driven by an electric motor, will spin as the earth spins. The globe is tilted like the earth, but will complete its rotation in two and a half minutes instead of 24 hours. We imagine that it will attract to the main hall almost as many curious onlookers as the volcano of Vesuvius, which appears never to cease spouting flame from its cone.

Near to it are several remarkable relief maps of our own country, which we have not to go so far as the Mediterranean to see. One which was made for the old Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, and which we are very glad to see again, is of the London Basin from Foulness on the Thames Estuary to the Vale of the White Horse in the west, and from Leith Hill in the south to Baldock in Hertfordshire in the north.

The relief map is on the scale of an inch to a mile, but the heights of the hills are exaggerated about six times to make them stand out. The geological formations, the recent deposits in the Thames Estuary, the London clay, the chalk, the Bagshot sands, the greensand, and all the others are painted in different

colours, so that anyone looking at the map and finding any familiar place on it can see at a glance the formation beneath it.

The map below the relief undulations of hill and dale is two inches deep, and on these two inches the geological strata are indicated. The London and Thames Valley Area is in three sections, and close beside it are other similar reliefs of the Hampshire Basin and the Kentish Weald.

Looking on them the dweller on Eynsford Hill, or Rochester, Ightham, or Romney Marsh, may see the geological strata that lie below, and read something of the geological history that laid the strata down or uplifted them. To add to this information and to illustrate it, two large wall paintings opposite the reliefs depict life as it was in the Thames Valley 50 million years ago, and as in Hampshire 120 million years since, in the Age of Reptiles.

The paintings are based on the fossil remains of plants and animals that have come to light. In one painting are the early elephants and the rhinoceros that roamed about Fleet Street when London on the Thames was London on the sea. In the other, farther back, roam the iguanodon and a benevolent brontosaurus, which was a vegetarian, and walks here with his thumbs turned up and his three-toed feet on the marsh, while above them fly the pterodactyls, half reptile and half bird.

## Merrie England's Wide Roads

A RECENT broadcast debate shows that the country is divided on the question of the future of our main highways. One school advocates immense new broad roads like the motor highways of Germany, while the rival school demands the development of existing roads to fit new conditions.

Broad highways are not so new in England as many of us imagine. When Edward the First was king, six centuries ago, a law was passed that each road between town and town should be enlarged so that on both sides the margin was flat, level, without ditch, dyke, hedge, or bush for a space of 200 feet

on each side, the only exception being that a great oak or other fine tree might be left standing.

It was not traffic that dictated these wide roads, but the safety of men's lives. These roads were planned so that they should not afford hiding by the wayside for robbers and murderers, and so the law actually stated.

Where a park ran by the side of the road and formed its boundary, the owner was made to reduce its size to give the necessary clear view from the highway, unless such a wall or fence was built as to prevent a robber from hiding or escaping through it.

## The Platypus on a Stamp

THE platypus is the latest of Australia's inhabitants to be honoured by having its picture on a stamp; it is on the 9d series usually associated with animals in Australia.

Nature has had her little joke with this queer little amphibious mammal, which lives in fresh-water rivers and lagoons from Tasmania up into the north of Queensland, for it is such an odd creature that when scientists first saw it they called it *Paradoxus*.

It is from 15 to 20 inches long, covered with fur like a seal, has a curious duck-like bill, a broad, coarse-haired tail, and webbed feet like a

water-hen. Though it lives by the water and has the diet of a fish it can only stay under for a few minutes, closing its eyes and, what is rather remarkable, its ears before submerging. The platypus lays eggs in a burrow and when the young hatch out feeds them with milk.

They are very seldom seen alive, their sense of hearing being so acute that these very shy creatures vanish at the slightest sound.

A gamekeeper in Victoria has a pet platypus which comes when it is called, and people from all over the world go to see it.

## Polperro and Its Litter

OF all the queer places on the Cornish coast perhaps the oddest is Polperro, with its steep descents and almost impossibly narrow streets.

The tiny houses are jumbled together as tightly as possible, seemingly glued on to the hillside to prevent them falling into the harbour. All this quaintness attracts an increasing number of visitors at this time of year, bringing prosperity to the tiny town.

Through the middle of it all trickles a stream, sometimes flowing gently into the sea, at others washed backward by the surging tide. No longer is this a common sewer, for iron pipes have just

been laid to carry the drainage underground. But the state of this stream is still a reproach, old tins, cabbage leaves, and other garbage marring the central feature of the village. Warning notices are useless, for there is little room for dustbins in Polperro, and no one to empty them in any case. We suggest a central "rubbish tidy" such as we see in some Surrey villages, for no house in compact Polperro would be far from it. If it were regularly used and emptied we should have planted in our memories a pleasanter picture of Polperro when the turntable by the bridge swung our car homeward.

## GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD

### Plan For World Granary

Not many years ago America produced an enormous wheat surplus available for export, and we bought most of it so cheaply that our wheat loaf fell to 5d, and at one time to less.

A penny a pound for good bread; it was wonderful! Later the American wheat surplus declined and we had to pay much more for wheat.

Now there is revival. America has 62,500,000 acres under wheat and expects this year to be able to export 250 million bushels. The total yield is expected to be the enormous quantity of 967 million bushels.

So there will be no world shortage of wheat this year and wheat prices will not rise. The loaf may become a little cheaper.

Some Americans talk of an export subsidy—that is, a payment to those who ship wheat abroad to enable them to find a market.

There is to be another World Wheat Conference (we may call it a Daily Bread Conference), and America has a plan. The world, it is suggested, should make an International Granary, a world store of bread, kept at a normal level and always available for the assistance of lands suffering from wheat shortage. Good years would help out bad years.

This looks like the germ of a good idea, making for peace and understanding, with those who have too much coming to the aid of those who have too little.

## ITALY'S BREAD PARLIAMENT

### One Loaf For All

The Guild which in Italy governs wheat and other cereals, and foods made from them, has come to a remarkable decision. The Italian wheat crop this year suffered from the drought, but happily yielded much more than was expected, so that wheat flour is to be mixed with only a tenth of other meal instead of a fifth.

The ten per cent bread is said to be good and palatable, and the Cereal Guild has resolved that it is to be the standard bread this season. "One bread for all" is the motto. Rich and poor will have the same loaf, so that no one will have advantage over another. The only special bread allowed is for invalids.

The Cereal Guild is representative of all the people concerned, from the farmer to the consumer; really a little Bread Parliament. Its members understand what they are talking about, and they therefore work quickly.

## LORD SANKEY'S FUND

### Progress of a Good Cause

We call it Lord Sankey's Fund because it was he who suggested it in his report as chairman of the Coal Industry Commission over which he presided in 1919.

By the levy of a mite for each ton of coal raised the Miners Welfare Fund was established.

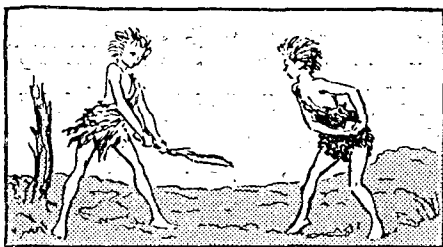
So great is its success that in its 16th annual report it tells us that 278 pithead baths have been established, or are now under construction, to serve 365,000 miners. Over 90 in every 100 miners use the baths when they are available. By 1944 every mine will have a pithead bath.

Since 1920 the Fund has granted £16,500,000 for baths and other purposes, including recreation, health, education, research, and general welfare.

The G.P.O. are going to lay a new cable between the mainland and the Channel Islands which will cost £88,000 and be ready next year.



# CRICKET IS KING



Twentieth Century B C

It is odd that the king of English games should once have been regarded with fear and trembling as the forerunner of revolution and national decay.

Yet in the middle of the 18th century, when cricket was beginning to be the great national game, there were many who foretold disaster as the result of its growing popularity. One newspaper spoke of the shock caused by seeing a shoemaker playing against a member of Parliament, and asked, "Would it not be extremely odd to see lords and gentlemen, clergymen and lawyers, associating thus with butchers and cobblers in pursuit of these diversions?" One writer declared that though noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen might divert themselves as they thought fit, and associate with butchers, cobblers, and tinkers, he doubted very much whether they had any right to invite thousands of people to be spectators of their agility, for it drew numbers of persons from their employment, to the ruin of their families. It took over a hundred years to find out that this friendly mingling of men of all ranks is of great advantage to the men themselves.

## The Earliest Game

Though the game in anything like its present form is not more than three or four hundred years old, its origin can be traced back to the primitive times when men lived the simple life in the open air. The first cricket ball would be a stone, the bat a natural stick, and the wicket a tree.

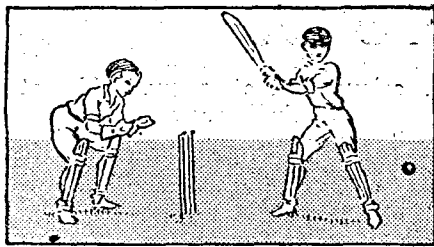
The earliest known reference to the game by name is in the accounts of Edward the First, who was charged a certain sum for the pastimes of his son, the Prince of Wales. The game, however, was not very popular, and it is curious that no mention is made of it by Shakespeare or any other dramatist of his time, although they mention many other games.

In the 18th century what had been merely a village pastime was taken up by noblemen, and soon became so fashionable that a poet wrote:

*Hail, cricket! glorious, manly British game!  
First of all sports, be first alike in fame.*

When cricket became the national pastime, soldiers were, by an order of the Horse Guards, provided with cricket grounds adjoining their barracks, and all the warships had bats and balls supplied to them. The greatest impetus given to cricket was by the invention of railways, which made it possible for teams to play in different parts of the country, greatly increasing the interest in the game.

There were at first only two stumps, wide apart, with a single cross-piece; but when, during a match in 1775, the ball passed several times between



Twentieth Century A D

the two stumps without touching either, it was decided to add a third stump and two bails instead of one cross-piece. The bat, from being a mere club, came to assume the shape of a gardener's budding-knife, and this gradually gave way to the present form. Up to 1745 the bat might be of any size or shape the player liked, but this liberty was carried to such an absurd extreme that a limit of size was fixed, and it became the custom to have an iron frame on every ground in which to test the size of the bats.

## When Runs Were Notches

The primitive balls of wood were soon covered with skin. These gave way to the all-leather ball, and now balls are made of cork and yarn, covered with a thick cowhide. Runs used to be called notches, because the score was first of all kept by cutting notches on a stick. The grounds, too, have been greatly improved, and the heavy scoring of the present day is largely due to the fact that the pitches are almost as smooth and even as billiard tables. The whole business of providing the cricket outfit is now a great industry, from the growing of the willow-trees to the making of the bats and stumps, and the keeping in order of the pitches.

Cricket is essentially an English game, and foreigners have great difficulty in understanding where the amusement comes in. When Ibrahim Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, visited England, among other entertainments provided for him was a cricket match at Lord's, and it is said that after looking wearily for two hours at the exertions of the players he sent a message to the captains saying that, although he did not wish to hurry them, he would be glad if, when they had tired themselves by running about, they would begin the game!

## This Happened

We give this little story not because we agree with our Little One's philosophy, which is all wrong, but because it is an odd point of view and it really happened.

A Brownie in Hampshire arrived home one afternoon after having heard a lecture at school on kindness to dumb animals and all living creatures and startled her family by deliberately pulling up a row of peas in her neighbour's garden.

"But that is not a very kind thing to do," she was told.

"Well," said the eight-year-old, "teacher has just been telling us how cruel bird-nesting is, and only this morning the horrid man next door destroyed a nest with five dear little swallows in it, though I begged him not to. Our teacher asked us how we would like to have our homes torn up and all of us left homeless and hungry, so I've pulled up the cruel man's peas to see how he would like it!"

# The Man Who T

It is 24 years since the Great War began; it will soon be 20 years since the fighting ended; and yet all Europe is arming as if for war, and men are asking if ever this scourge will pass away from the earth.

We believe it will. We believe that man has done more marvellous things than conquering war and making universal peace. Let us look at one thing only that man has done. He has civilised a wild beast.

Is anything in the marvellous tale of Evolution more wonderful than this—that the fierce wolf that preyed on man in other days, attacking and devouring his sheep, should have become the protector of its ancient prey? The enemy of the flock has become the guardian of the fold.

We can laugh at the cynic; there is no more pitiful figure among men than he. Here is a story for him, the story of a dog. Is it nothing that man has taken the wolf and made of him the faithful dog that guards our flocks and herds, plays with our children, lies on our hearth, and keeps the enemy from our gate?

## A Wise Old Maxim

We cannot stop war, they say, but man who has civilised the wolf is not to be beaten by the remnant of the beast within himself.

The old savage man of the caves, using stones for tools and skins for raiment, realised the wisdom of the maxim that *who has a wolf for a neighbour needs a dog for his man*.

When man took up his station on a bit of pasture where he could make a home for his family and a sanctuary for his half-wild sheep and goats, the dog was his first aid in civilisation. Without the dog man could not have become a flock-master; the wolf would have devoured all he had.

And yet this guardian of his flock has come from the wolves that were the enemy of the fold! It was as if he had caught a young burglar, given him charge over his goods, and set him on guard against housebreakers. For the dog is only a domesticated wolf. Even today, in the Arctic, we are able to see the close relationship between the dog and the wolf. The Eskimo dogs which took Amundsen and Peary to the Poles were wolves tamed and trained. When Eskimo packs are beginning to decrease in size or speed the Eskimo sees that more wolf-blood is introduced; even if he does not his dogs make friends with wolves of their own accord and so keep the old strain pure.

## Dogs, Wolves, and Jackals

That is what happens in the rigorous rough-and-tumble of life in the Arctic, where dog-teams on which the life of men, women, and children depend are kept healthy by constant reinforcements from the wolf-packs howling in the night.

What of other parts of the world? The question springs to the mind, Was there only one taming of wolves? Did all our trained dogs come to us from the taming of wild beasts in one quarter? That puzzles the best of us, for we cannot say whether certain tribes of dogs have sprung from wolves and others from jackals, or whether there has been a mingling of the blood of both animals, as is sometimes thought. But we have a strange fact to guide us to a romantic supposition. Appearances rather suggest



An Alsatian, cousin of the wolf

that there has been an almost world-wide taming of dogs from various breeds of wolves and jackals. The Eskimo dog is a wolf which has come in out of the howling wilderness of snow and ice. But the Eskimos are not alone the tainers of present-day wolves. The Red Indians, whose range runs up into the far north of America, have such wolf-like dogs that not even Red Indian eyes and ears, which are among the keenest organs of mankind, can detect a dog from a wolf at a distance.

## Enemies Become Allies

Nearer home, in Europe, the wolf lineage in the sheep-dogs and wolf-hounds is unmistakable. In India, in the pariah dogs which run free and wild as the creatures of the jungle, there is the clearest physical likeness to the Indian wolf. The same thing holds good in Tibet, where the Tibetan dogs are famous guardians of the flocks against the wolves. But these huge guardian mastiffs, except that they curl the tail over the back, which no wolf does, are as clearly reclaimed wolves as any dog can be.

Men and wolves meet today as deadly enemies; they met in olden days as enemies, fighting for life and food. If a Stone Age man killed a wolf he ate it and clothed himself in its skin. If a wolf killed a Stone Age man, he ate his victim. And yet these enemies became allies; the wolf that came to prey stayed to guard. It came to rob a sheepfold; it remained to guard the sheep. The conquest of the wolf is such a commonplace today that we have ceased to wonder at it, yet it is one of the grandest of man's early triumphs.

Out on the Tibetan plateaux today sheep-keeping would be impossible but for the voice and valour of the mastiffs. But for the valour of the wolves, who found their voices as man tamed them, sheep-keeping would have been impossible to our own forefathers. Wolves do not bark, nor do jackals; they howl. Wild dogs do the same. When they enter a human habitation they develop a bark. There is latent in them the call of the watch-



# amed the Wolf Will Tame Himself



The Guardian of the Flock—A Welsh sheepdog demonstrates its skill in rounding-up its charges



Wolves at Whipsnade—From wild creatures such as these Man has produced his greatest friend

man. The bark is warning, protest, threat; it seems to be called into activity only by association with man, as if, though a howl is good enough for communion with the denizens of the wilds, a special language must be employed for the service of a human master.

Most fortunate has been this association between man and animal. It gave man a protector for his home and all his possessions; it gave him a sentinel; it gave him an ally in his hunting, an ally who could track down game imperceptible to his own hearing, sight, and smell. And when the game was brought to bay it would be the dog, and not the man, that first whirled in to the attack. A dog is never so daring as when it has a man at its back, and so the partnership has developed as if by divine right ordained. There has been ready for man in the wilds the partner fittest for his acceptance.

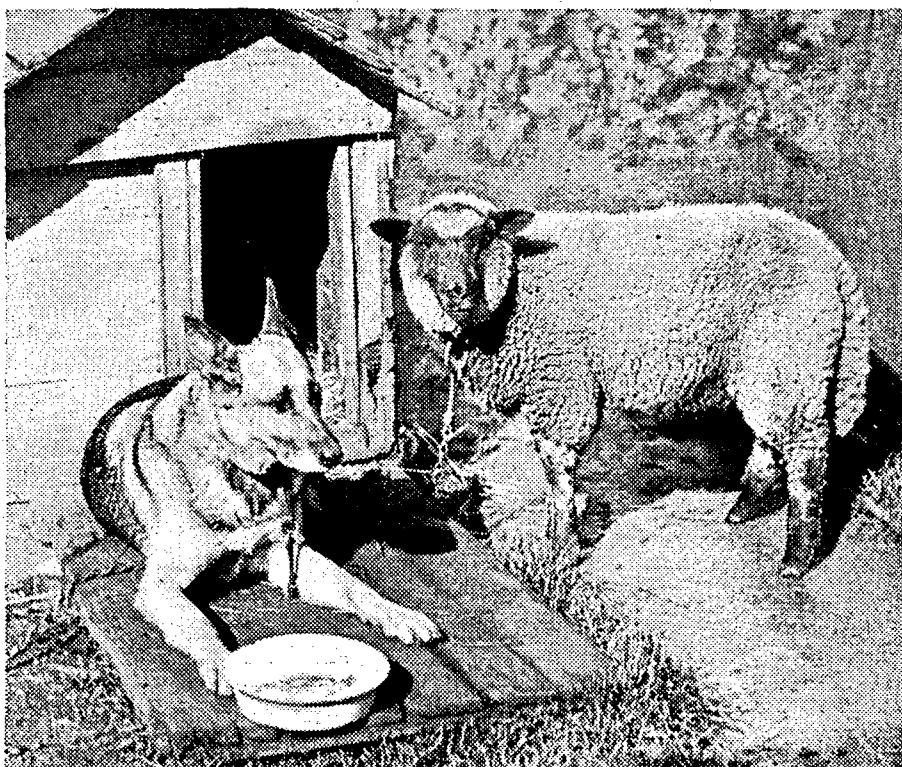
The story of the dog is one of steady adventurous courage exerted with pride and unreckoning self-sacrifice on behalf of the being who had wit enough to make friends with it. It

has kept the wolf from the door of man for many a thousand years, and they will be friends when the last wolf has vanished from the earth. It is only in the wilds, on the fringes of the realms beyond which human life cannot advance, that we now have to rely for wolf blood to recruit our stock of dogs.

We have such a progeny in our homes and kennels that our dogs can never die out as long as man survives. From wolves and jackals have come hundreds of fixed breeds. The dog is a wolf changed into one of the supreme masterpieces of natural evolution or human adaptation. When he ceased to be a savage wolf and came into the human family, man could capture a horse and ride afar while the converted wolf kept guard at home.

It was a great step forward for mankind. The worried savage of the caves entered upon safety and leisure when, though he had a fierce wolf for a neighbour, he took a faithful dog for his friend.

*And the time will yet come when man, who has conquered the beast, will conquer himself and banish the beast within him.*



Firm Friends—An Alsatian and a sheep which share the same kennel



## BRAVE AND HAPPY FOLK

### A German Colony in the British Empire

A C N friend has called to see Mrs Bates and has sent us across the world an account of the life she is now leading.

She describes it as solitary but by no means lonely, for Mrs Bates has plenty of interests to keep her from rusting away. For over a year this grand old lady has been living in a small tent on the banks of Australia's greatest river, the Murray. Herons and cranes nest on its banks, while flights of cockatoos, kingfishers, laughing jackasses, and many other wild birds wake the echoes with their voices.

Mrs Bates has pet birds of her own, and her first task each morning, after leaving her stretcher bed at sunrise, is to feed her beloved koorras (magpies), who gurgle their thanks for the savoury morsels she gives to them; indeed, our friend writes that she has quite an animated conversation with her magpies.

#### British to the Core

The next event of her day is the arrival of the milk, which is brought from a farm a mile away. The farmer and his neighbours are her devoted friends, especially their children, and a real bond unites her with these descendants of German settlers who are today British to the core.

The children visit her camp to hear her tales of the natives she mothered so long in Ooldea; and she visits their school, where 30 children are taught in ordinary subjects to fit them for their future in the country and are encouraged in loyalty and affection for the British Empire, to which they are proud to belong. We are sure that their teacher is glad to have at his side one who has so wide a knowledge and so sympathetic an outlook. Our readers will remember how Mrs Bates wrote that it was the courage of these German immigrants in meeting their difficulties that drew her toward them.

Our friend endorses all that Mrs Bates wrote, declaring that these people seldom hire labour to assist in the cultivation of their crops but appear to have formed a mutual help community, with one family ready to help another in sowing and harvesting. They never cease working from sunrise to long after sunset, and have successfully withstood ten long years of drought, which at last have given place to sufficient rain in the winter months to make their labour worth while.

#### Kabbarli

They take the produce of their holdings in this little settlement of Pyap to the railway five miles distant, where it is despatched direct to retailers at Adelaide.

Beyond Pyap lies uncultivated bush with age-old gum trees and mallee scrub, waiting for the day when modern machinery will clear it and convert it into orchard or wheatfield; this is, however, too expensive an undertaking at the moment.

Meanwhile Mrs Bates lives quietly by the great river, cheering her new friends and preparing for the printer the romantic story of her valuable life. Her book is to be called Kabbarli, the native word for Grandmother, the title given to her by the aborigines of Ooldea.

### An Apple With a Name

A man about to eat an apple he had bought from a barrow in London the other day noticed some curious marks on the skin.

They were the name and address of a girl in Tasmania who had cut out the letters while the apple was still growing.

# The Battle of the Falcons and the Gulls

*Late in July and early in August large numbers of falcons appear in Greenland and attack the gulls, driving them from their rocky haunts and seizing and eating the younger birds.*

GREENLAND falcons eat Greenland gulls because the two tribes meet in this island world up in the mists to lay their eggs and hatch their young in the Arctic summer, and one is, for that reason, the predestined food of the other. The falcon is a member of an order of birds that must eat flesh to live. His talons for catching and clutching, his horny grapple of a beak, his digestive system, his needs, his very life, are related to a diet of flesh and blood. He could not alter his system of feeding if he would.

But how come birds to be nesting at all in an island so close to the North Pole? The answer is to be found in the general law that birds which migrate always choose the cooler part of their range for the nursery season. Not that all the gulls or all the falcons come south to us in winter or retreat to the Antarctic, as some Arctic-nesting birds are in the habit of doing. There is the charm of a great romance about the nesting hosts of Greenland.

#### The Land Bridge

This huge island is the most wonderful of all meeting-places between the Old World and the New. The birds that repair to Greenland to hatch their young number over threescore species. Only one-ninth of that number of species are European; the rest are American birds.

Once upon a time Greenland linked Europe to America, joined the two continents together, and afforded a land bridge for the passage of mammals and reptiles from one side of the Atlantic to the other. The birds have not forgotten. They now fly to Greenland over sea routes where once dry land was, as our birds fly down-Channel where forest and plain once united England to France.

Today the falcons and the gulls, among scores of other species, rise when the time comes, remember the distant past, and turn, some to the east for Europe, some to the west for America, and take their new babies with them. Occasionally a Greenland falcon strays down to our shores, but we realise that the newcomer is a gracious accident; the rest know us not. There is this great seasonal gathering and departing, like the yearly coming together of the eels from America and the eels from Europe in the waters of the Bermudas; and the young of each turn, in due course, their respective ways.

#### The Struggle to Live

But while the nesting season lasts the struggle for the right to live and multiply is severe in Greenland, as in other famous bird nurseries. The gull, which will eat anything it can kill as well as anything organic that it can swallow, is no mean antagonist, and is capable of making a fight for itself and nurslings. It is, however, like the fight between a lion and an ostrich, desperate, life-defending courage pitted against the specialised skill of a born slaughterer. The gull may fly to the sea and fill its crop with fish; it may rob the nests of other birds of their living riches; but the falcon must have bird flesh as his staple food—and gull serves.

The winged warrior may vary his diet with a meal of Arctic hare or an occasional banded lemming, but these are far to seek, whereas the gulls mass for their nesting and are easy of access. Other rapacious birds are much given to preying upon the eggs and nestlings of neighbouring species, but the falcon in his stately grace, his contemptuous disregard of danger, his irresistible valour, is so picturesquely conspicuous that he is always singled out for notice

by a human visitor to Greenland during the summer months.

The falcon is one of Nature's appointed checks against the undue increase of the birds and animals on which he preys. Apart from the falcons and the man with a gun the gull has few assailants to fear; unchallenged it would become a real nuisance; in reasonable numbers it is a joy and a delight to unbiased eyes. The falcon needs his meat; the gulls are his herd, his poultry-run. Nature ordained that it should be so; there is no more to be said.

To protest against this inevitable strife would be as futile as to protest against the cold and icebergs that Greenland sends down our seas and across the ocean lanes which the great liners follow from east to west and from west to east. It is a wonderful thing that Greenland, the nesting home of millions of birds, is also the seat of the greatest glacier in the world, an inland icefield of 715,000 square miles.

There is the terrible natural factory in which are forged the icebergs that ride, flowing though solid, down to the coasts. Gleaming, ghostly cities, they take the seas and float southward till they melt, to smash a Titanic on their way and drown a thousand human beings; to chill the ocean, to bring winter to summering islands, to defy voyaging civilisation and challenge the vastest battleship as successfully as a battleship challenges a pleasure yacht. The iceberg foundry is the nestling's cradle and the scene of the battles of these birds.

#### Skuas and Penguins

The conditions for birds cannot be insupportable, they cannot be severe, they cannot be unduly terrifying, or long ago the island would have been deserted by all but the strongest, and that would have meant the extinction of the falcons, for their food supply would have gone.

The gulls on the other side of the world, in a climate as unkind, the great skua gulls of the Antarctic, make as merciless war upon the penguins, which are their sole food during the nesting season ashore. They steal the eggs; they steal the momentarily unguarded young; with amazing strength they actually carry off young, toddling penguins as big as themselves. They are the chief check on land on the penguins, and have no enemies ashore.

How, then, are their numbers kept within tolerable limits? Nature cannot send a bird there to fight them, so she appoints an instinct to murder in their own breasts. Two skuas are born to a nest. Never, so far as observation for many years has gone, do the two survive. The nestlings fight with such fierce hatred that one either kills the other or so weakens it as to destroy the parent's affection for it, and it is allowed to die.

Greenland has its scenes of bloodshed, but not so sickening as those of tropical islands in which loathly crabs devour beautiful living birds. Gulls must die that falcons may live in Greenland, and we must accept the method with as tolerant a grace as we may, for there is no altering it. The birds have nested and fought together since before civilisation arose, and would do so still if all civilisation perished.

### David and Goliath

A strange story comes from Tanganyika of some natives who, working in thick bush, came upon the dead body of an elephant. It was found that a seven-pound bees' nest was stuck in the elephant's throat, and it is thought that during grazing the elephant ate a nest hidden in grass, and died either from choking or from stings.

## A SHIP THAT MADE A CITY

### The Strange Romance of Portsmouth

It is just 17 years since, at one and the same time, Portsmouth succeeded Woolwich as our chief ordnance depot and set on foot the arrangements which have since made her a diocese with its own cathedral.

In that cathedral we now have a newly-consecrated Navy aisle, with the banners of two great warriors, Lord Jellicoe and Sir Charles Madden, proudly floating in them. Of the multitude of holidaymakers now flocking there to see them in their noble setting, how many reflect on the unparalleled history of the creation of Portsmouth itself as the chief Naval Station of the British Empire?

#### The First Dry Dock

As we look back in history we see Southampton as the port that served our kings and fleets and armies, as it served Henry the Fifth when he embarked his immortal force for Agincourt; but after the Wars of the Roses there rose a new genius in shipbuilding. Henry the Seventh built four magnificent ships, each bigger and better than the one before, each the finest the world had seen. One of these, the Mary Fortune, was of such vast size that it was impossible to anchor and repair her in Southampton harbour, and the king closed Southampton and transferred naval headquarters to Portsmouth, where, for the safety of the Mary Fortune, he built a great dry dock, the first in the world.

So Portsmouth became, as it has since remained, the royal dockyard. In her harbour rested the mighty ships with which the first of our Tudor monarchs inaugurated a new era in our sea history, a history embracing the creation of our first real navy since the time of Alfred, and, ennobled by the voyages that brought us North America, ended our chapter as a small island people and made us masters of the foundations of what was to develop into the mightiest Empire ever known.

### The Rain Man

It is 100 years this week since George James Symons was born in Pimlico.

He came into the world on August 6, 1838, and went out on March 10, 1900, and for the greater part of his life he was studying rain.

Part of his youth was spent at Thornton Rectory in Leicestershire, where even as a boy he had so much interest in the weather that he carried out a series of observations with instruments he had made. He was only 17 when he became a member of the Royal Meteorological Society, afterwards becoming its secretary and president. From 1857 till his death he was weather reporter to the Registrar-General.

We think of him now for his wonderful and highly important work in gathering information about the rainfall of these islands. In this he stands unrivalled. Altogether he published 39 annual volumes of rainfall statistics, the first volume, appearing in 1860, having records from 168 stations in England and Wales. By 1898 the number of stations supplying him with data had risen to 3404. They were manned by an army of over 3000 volunteer observers, and this unique organisation, always under the recorder's personal supervision, accumulated a mass of rainfall information unmatched by that of any other country. His statistics have been invaluable to those who have charge of the water supplies of our great cities.

Prominent in many other spheres, George James Symons may justly be remembered at the centenary of his birth.



## A FAMILY DOCTOR FOR EVERY HOME?

### A Plan For Making Us All Well

British doctors, through their great professional society the British Medical Association, have issued a remarkable manifesto to the nation.

They call for the establishment of a General Medical Service for the Nation, the object being to achieve positive health and the prevention of disease, no less than to relieve suffering.

Health is much more than absence of disease. Health means physical and mental fitness; capacity to live life in its fullness and joy.

The national objective, therefore, is to provide, in addition to public attention to housing, sanitation, open spaces, and so forth:

The services of a qualified medical man for every family in the land, this doctor to be the free choice of the family.

Arrangements for universal service of consultants and specialists, arranged through the family doctor.

Proper service in nursing.

Dental and optical services.

Complete service for mothers.

It is a great thing that the doctors, so long after the passing of the National Insurance Act, pay it a handsome tribute and recommend that the way to give everyone a family doctor is by suitable extension of the existing national health insurance services. They also say that the importance of the Act, which now covers 19 million people, can scarcely be over-estimated.

Indeed, this manifesto may be summed up by saying that what they propose is that all should enjoy, and in an improved form, the principles and practice of the great Act of Parliament passed 26 years ago.

## Twenty Years After

Twenty years after the Great War ended Belgium has decided to pardon some of its miserable people.

These were the Belgian soldiers on whom fear descended like a madness so that they became such cowards that their fright was clear for all to see. They ran away, they shivered in the mud-filled trenches refusing to go forward to death when they were told. They were insubordinate because they were hardly sane; disobedient because they dared not obey. Wretched, pitiful creatures, death was their punishment, and if they escaped it they bore the brand of Cain.

It has been stamped on them for all but twenty years. Belgium had no place where they might stay, unless as criminals. They have served almost a life sentence, but at last the Belgian Senate has passed an act of amnesty for the soldiers who were found wanting. They can now return—twenty years after.

## Raining Fish

Thousands of fish in Canada are having a ride in an aeroplane, and the exciting experience of falling from a plane into the water, for the Quebec Provincial Government is hard at work restocking its lakes from the air.

Last year 240,000 young trout and other fish travelled to their new homes in this way, and this year over 300,000 will do so. The planes release 300 to 500 fish at a time over a lake by opening a chute in the floor which shoots the fish down from a height of 100 feet if the lake is a small one surrounded by hills, or if the lake is bigger the plane is then able to fly lower and can drop its strange cargo from 50 feet. Experiments have proved that this jump through the air does not hurt the fish.

## Ferguson and His Gang



The Ferguson Gang goes about (disguised or veiled) doing good for the National Trust, leaving £100 notes here and there. We cannot vouch for these portraits; but our artist believes these impressions to be as near the truth as some of the news in some of the papers.

## Making a Farm Out of a Bog

THE town hall of Stornoway in the barren island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides, stands on the site of the office in which long years ago the father of Dr Thomas Bassett Macaulay worked.

Dr Macaulay, once President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, has long been interested in farming, and now at 78 he has come to the island home of his father to receive the freedom of Stornoway.

He has done much for Lewis. He has endowed charities, libraries, and hospitals, but his greatest work has been an experiment in which he has tried to win pasture from peat.

Only three per cent of the island of Lewis is cultivated by the population of 20,000. The rest is bleak moorland where about 65,000 sheep graze, pasture being so scarce that there is hardly enough to satisfy them. From time immemorial the moors have been moors

only, and till now no one ever dreamed of trying to change them. But Dr Macaulay has dreamed of it now, and his farm of 150 acres, established ten years ago on one of the wettest and most unpromising bogs in the island, is producing vegetables and poultry and supplying Stornoway with milk.

The transformation is the result of agricultural methods introduced by experts, and the cost has been enormous. It is realised that even now the cost of reclaiming such land can hardly pay, but if reclamation is not possible, the improving of the pasture is well worth while, and this is the aim Dr Macaulay has in view at the moment. He hopes to show that by the use of manures and seeds it is possible to enrich the pasture of this windswept island so that, instead of scarcely enough food for 65,000 sheep, there will be enough for 300,000, to the great benefit of Lewis.

## Blackfellow

Tiger, a 50-year-old Australian Blackfellow, was seriously hurt when hunting buffalo with his white employer a few weeks ago.

Tiger is a splendid fellow, and his employer could not leave him to die. Travelling in the outback of Australia's Far North is not easy, and the nearest hospital was 60 miles away. The white man strapped his black brother on to a stretcher made of bark and drove him in a lorry through untracked scrub country. Many times the scrub was so thick that it had to be hacked through.

At last the lorry reached the hospital, and the doctors agreed that Tiger must see a specialist in Darwin. They summoned the Flying Doctor, and Tiger was carried on a stretcher into the aeroplane, to be whisked from the Stone Age into the Twentieth Century. He flew through darkness, and the plane landed at Darwin by the help of flares and a beacon. Tiger is now being treated, and we wish him a quick recovery.

## Sister Katharine

Our postbag brings us from Hampshire an interesting letter about Uganda's Florence Nightingale, of whose death we were writing the other day.

She was Sister Katharine Timpson, who set out over 40 years ago for East Africa and walked on a three-month trek up country, and our letter comes from a lady now reading the C.N. who was the first white child born in East Africa, in the days of Sister Katharine.

About the time Miss Timpson came out, our correspondent writes, we (a family of small children) were living about 400 miles inland, having trekked on foot for two months on the main route to Uganda. How welcome was a white face in those early days, and how well I remember Miss Timpson and the whole missionary party coming to spend the day with us in what is now Kenya Colony!

Now the little white child has grown up to read in the C.N. of the passing of the friend who called that day.

## EVERYBODY LISTENING

### Licences Nearing Ten Millions

#### THE SILENT PRESSURE FOR PEACE

The number of wireless licences is approaching ten millions!

It is now 8,700,000, and increasing at about 40,000 a month. The number of separate dwellings is roundly ten millions, so that most of our homes now have wireless.

It is probable that the number listening on any evening ranges from fifteen to thirty millions. Never was a public institution charged with a more honourable task or a graver responsibility than to provide listening matter for such a gigantic audience.

The B.B.C. is undoubtedly improving its methods. It is right to seek to amuse and to help our people to enjoy their leisure hours, and we hope we detect a smaller proportion of sheer vulgarity than of old. It is right not to be pedantic, and many of the talks are conceived in the right vein of talk as distinguished from lectures. It is right to deal with sport, but not to the exclusion of the real news of the world. The B.B.C. can work powerfully for peace by helping our people to understand how other people live.

#### An Example to Follow

Mr Raymond Gram Swing's talks from America are admirable, and we are glad they are to be continued. Why not similar talks from France, Germany, Italy, Russia, not from carping critics, but from citizens of each land interested in their welfare as Mr Swing is interested in the welfare of America?

Let us thank the B.B.C. for its Children's Hour; it is one of the best things it does, and we are grateful.

And now let us once more welcome Mr Ogilvie as the new head of this vast and wonderful machine we have seen established in our time. He gave a hand for his country in the war, and is now to give us all a hand in developing the most powerful institution in the land, or in the world.

The Radio Times no longer prints its old motto "Nation Shall Speak Peace Unto Nation," but the B.B.C. stands for peace, and we cannot help feeling that the cause of peace will be as safe in the hands of Professor Ogilvie as it was with Sir John Reith.

If all other appeals should be in vain with the new chief of the B.B.C., there will be the silent pressure of a hand that is not there.

## Seeds for King Charles's Birds

A series of documents, fresh as when they were written 300 years ago, has just been found in the library of the Custom House, London, from where they are to be removed to safety with the national records.

They show some of the payments and pensions from Charles the Second to his favourites and their families, and throw a light on secret chapters of our history. One record, not included in this find, was in itself a mystery never explained.

Birdcage Walk derived its name from the fact that in the time of Charles it was flanked by the cages in which he kept his birds. He died in 1685. Six reigns later Richard Berenger, a famous man of his age, examining State documents for a History of Horsemanship was perplexed to find an almost endless series of payments for hemp-seed.

Charles had been dead a century; his pets had long died out, yet someone was still paying for seed which there were no royal birds to eat.



## THE CAR AND THE DUMMY

### One Way of Teaching the Driver

According to an American report, the Brooklyn Edison Company have devised an impressive way to teach their 600 lorry drivers how to drive safely.

The driver to be tested and taught is sent on a route having a fairly deserted street. In this street two photo-electric rays are secretly set up, spaced about 30 feet apart and aimed so that they will be broken by the passing lorry.

When the first ray is broken, it starts a stop-watch; when the second ray is reached the watch stops, so registering the lorry's speed. At this second impulse there is catapulted from behind a parked car a wooden dummy of a 12-year-old boy on roller skates. If the driver has been going too fast, or has not kept a good look-out, he runs over the dummy. Then the superintendent of the company's transport comes from his hiding place and explains the relations of speed to the "accident" and the need for unceasing vigilance.

The conclusions drawn from these tests show that it is dangerous to drive at even 20 miles an hour in town streets.

### Flying to the Fire

The aeroplane and the parachute are being used in Russia to combat the fires which ravage the great forests from time to time.

Fire-fighting planes carry a pilot, an observer, and three or four firemen equipped with parachutes! There are special training schools where this flying fire brigade learn to use the new kind of parachute designed for them. The planes do their part by throwing down provisions and all the various fire-fighting gadgets (including a new fire-extinguisher) to the forest firemen.

## A Great Land With Few People AMERICA CEASING TO GROW

THAT America is ceasing to grow in population is realised by very few.

The children born are fewer than are needed to replace the existing population. This does not yet appear in the aggregate population, which is about double what it was in 1890, because of the survival for the present of the older generation. So we have a deceptive nominal increase, which slows up year by year.

The National Resources Committee of America puts the date when the population will become stationary between 1955 and 1980. The maximum population will reach between 138 millions and 158 millions. Then there will be actual decline—unless more children are born or more immigrants are admitted into the country.

This is one of the most astonishing things in the history of mankind. The American area, not including Alaska, is 3,026,789 square miles against the 3,800,000 square miles of Europe.

Europe has about 500 million people, so that if the United States were as well

populated it would have about 400 millions instead of about 130 millions.

There are hardly more than 40 people (or say ten families) to the square mile in America. It is really a great rich land with a sparse population. Each of the 48 States is a fairly big country. The average size of the States is 63,000 square miles, which is more than the size of England and Wales, but the average population is less than three millions, whereas England and Wales have 41 millions.

The question arises: Will America open her doors to immigrants? At present she admits a relatively small number of people, restricted for each country according to the number of its present contribution to the American stock.

The question is really a big one for the world, because America has the finest natural resources of any land. Those resources, however, are so inadequately used that America has difficulty in supporting her present population, and the doors, therefore, are only too likely to remain closed for the present.

## APPRENTICES AND THE INCOME-TAX

### A Timely Concession

Many boys and girls will welcome a concession made by the Chancellor during the last stages of the Finance Bill, for their parents will be able to claim an allowance in income-tax for a year or two longer on their account.

Hitherto the age of sixteen has been the age at which the children's allowance has ceased unless the child has remained at a secondary or public school. Should a boy have left school at 16 and been apprenticed to a motor engineer or articulated to a lawyer or architect, or similar trades and professions, the parent would have been unable to claim the £60 deduction.

But in future he will be able to do so, and this may make all the difference to the father's decision on the future of his children. Provided that the articles of apprenticeship are for two years, and that the child does not earn more than £13 a year, his parent will pay from £5 to £13 a year less income-tax. It is a small sum, but may make all the difference in the choice of the lifework of hundreds of boys and girls.

There is already an outcry about the lack of skilled youths in engineering; perhaps the nation will benefit more than it knows from this timely concession.

## The State's Helping Hand

Few people realise to what an extent the State now helps certain industries.

Since 1931 a very big sum, amounting to nearly £55,000,000, has been paid out.

The chief of these are beet sugar £21,000,000; cattle rearing £18,200,000; tramp shipping £4,000,000; civil aviation £3,600,000; milk £3,600,000. Smaller amounts have been granted for land fertility, the herring fishery, light horse breeding, oats and barley, and mechanical transport.

## A Sea Battle and a Pigeon Loft

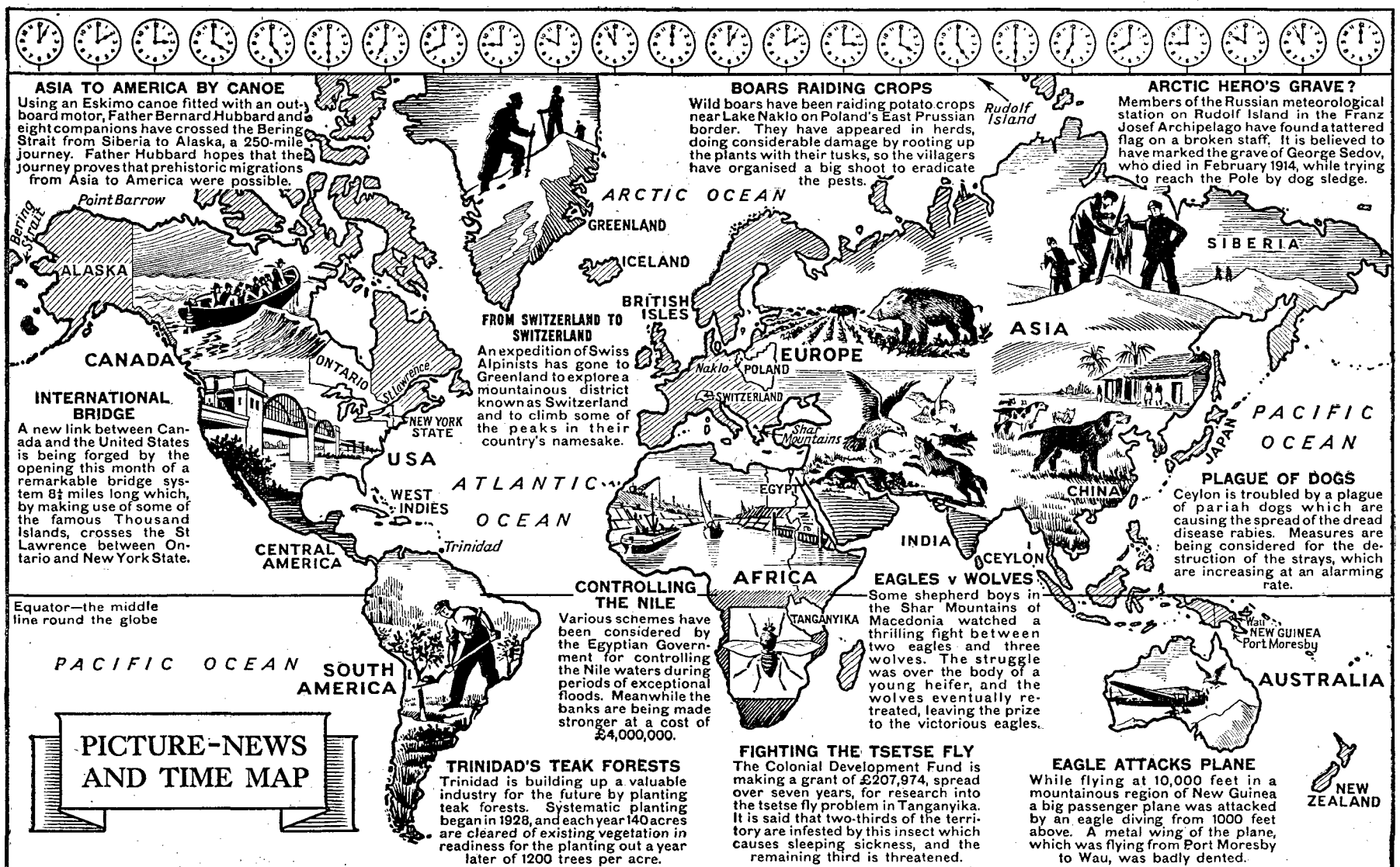
THE air is alive with pigeons nowadays, for the great racing season is upon us.

From lofts all over the country birds are trying their paces and exhibiting their marvellous skill in finding the way home from afar. They travel to the starting-points in baskets by special trains; they travel by ship, one ship having just carried 4000 of them across the sea to be liberated in France for their journey of hundreds of miles.

As they fly thus far their owners may be reminded that, France and Turkey having avoided threatened war and made peace at Alexandretta, we might well go as far as that ancient port and repay a debt owing by us there. We have long owed the lofts of Alexandretta

a whole generation of homer pigeons. Three hundred years ago English ships fought a battle in the harbour there, vanquishing a mixed squadron of eight French and Venetian war vessels. In the course of the battle the English ships fired 500 rounds of cannon.

In the hour of victory the English commander received from the English consul an indignant protest. Not only had the guns shattered his windows, but it was a desperate disaster for him, he said, that they had cracked or addled every egg in the nests of his homer pigeons, the only means he had of communicating speedily with Aleppo. We had cut his communications by a potential generation of winged messengers!





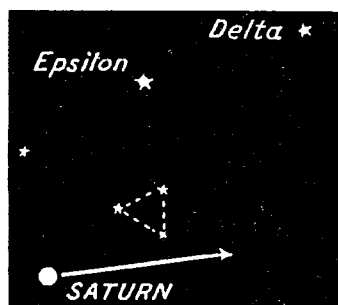
## IS SATURN A FROZEN WORLD?

### Myriads of Moonlets Racing Round

By the C.N. Astronomer

The ringed world of Saturn is now coming into view in the late evening and may be seen very low in the East about 11 o'clock; but as Saturn rises about half an hour earlier each week he will soon be a prominent feature of the eastern sky. There can be no mistaking Saturn, for there are no bright stars near, while his steady and leaden hue should leave no doubt.

At present Saturn is at the enormous distance of 832 million miles, more than twice as far as Jupiter, the brilliant planet in the south-east, which is 376 million miles distant and must not be mistaken for Saturn. As Saturn is approaching us he will become brighter, while his apparent motion among the stars may be noted from time to time during the next two months. During



Present position of Saturn and Pisces, the arrow indicating the motion of Saturn during the next two months

this time Saturn's position relative to the two easily seen fourth-magnitude stars, Epsilon and Delta in Pisces (the Fishes), will gradually change, as shown on the star-map. Saturn's progress below the small triangle of fainter stars, as indicated, will be better observed with the aid of glasses and will be quite obvious in the course of only a week.

In two months' time, on October 8, Saturn will be at his nearest to us for this year, and 781,280,000 miles away. Actually it is our world which is reducing the distance between us and Saturn, the Earth speeding at about 18½ miles a second, whereas Saturn's speed averages about 6 miles a second.

#### An Ever-Changing Spectacle

Many of us doubtless wish that this distance would continue to be reduced instead of Saturn beginning to recede after October 8. We would then learn more of this mysterious world and be entertained on a large scale with the ever-changing spectacle of his retinue of nine moons and the glorious panorama of the myriads of moonlets composing his superb Rings. At times these moonlets would appear as a multitude of radiant little crescents all turned the same way in the sky and all racing along with such speed that each one has to encircle the great sphere of Saturn, which is about 236,000 miles round, in from 2 hours to 5 hours, according to their nearness to Saturn's surface. The nearer these little moonlets are to Saturn the quicker they have to travel to avoid falling into his dense envelope of cloud, white and yellow, to no-one-knows-where, but certainly never to return.

As the innermost of these moonlets are only about 7000 miles above these clouds, they are very much closer to Saturn than our Moon is to us at her average distance of 238,240 miles. Even the outermost of the moonlets, those on the rim of the Rings and racing round in about five hours at 10 miles a second, are nearer, being about 48,000 miles above Saturn's surface.

How far below this surface is the more solid part of Saturn we do not know or even if there is at present any solid core. Some speculate that there is

## HOLIDAYS

It is not surprising that we have all come to regard holidays as inevitable. We were born into a world which expected holidays, and would find it difficult to imagine what life would be like without them. But when Charles Dickens was a young man there were many schools that had no holidays. Work went on all the year round.

Packed off to one of these boarding schools in the heart of the country, children stayed there year after year, never going home, knowing nothing of the thrill of term-end, of breaking up, of packing luggage or of looking forward to a vacation with nothing to do. Even Christmas Day was spent in the school-room, though perhaps lessons were put to one side.

#### In the Bad Old Days

Every shop assistant in these happier times has at least half a day a week as well as Sundays, but years ago shop assistants, factory workers, and many other busy people worked from Monday morning till Saturday night. As for holidays, nothing more than a week was ever expected, and not everyone enjoyed even that; the writer knows an old man who worked over 50 years without ever a holiday except Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Easter Monday. You might think he found life a dull affair, yet he is one of the happiest men who have ever lived.

Our word holiday comes from two words, holy day, for although holidays now mean days when we do no work, the old meaning was simply a day set apart for remembering some saint. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide are with us still. Allhallow E'en has not yet passed out of mind, but who today thinks of eating peas then, with butter and salt, or biting swinging apples, or pulling kale?

#### Simple Pleasures

Centuries ago there were no holidays as we know them today, but everyone expected at least a few hours' freedom when the festival day dawned, farm labourers, apprentices, and others putting down their tools or implements, closing the shop or leaving the field and joining their companions in merry-making. The Maypole, country dances, rough games, wrestling, bear-baiting, these were some of the pastimes of Merrie England. In those days people were content with simple pleasures, and singing or dancing on the village green were all the excitement they wanted.

Holy days go back far beyond the Christian era to the old days of Greece and Rome when feasts and festivals were the signal for the suspension of work. It is from those far-off times that there comes down to us the story of the last request of Anaxagoras the Greek philosopher who died 400 years before Christ. He was a schoolmaster, and his last words were, Give the boys a holiday.

Continued from the previous column

ice owing to the lack of solar heat, for so distant is the Sun that he appears only about one-ninth the width he appears to us, and consequently Saturn receives but little more than one-eightieth of the light and heat we enjoy. On the other hand, reasoning from our knowledge of the Earth, it seems more than probable that Saturn has a very hot interior below that dense cloud-laden atmosphere, and even though very low temperatures have been found for Saturn's cloud surface, it is only what would be found for the upper and frozen regions and layers of the Earth's atmosphere. G. F. M.

## DOWN EAST

### The Town and Country Club of Youth

Fairbairn House (Fairbairn for short) is a household word in the East End of London and far beyond.

Since it sprang, nearly half a century ago, from the Mansfield House Settlement, it has added a Boys' Club to a Men's Club, and branches stretching far and wide to both.

It has its own sports ground, a holiday camp near Sandwich, a swimming pool in Hainault Forest; and it is, in short, the Town and Country Club of East End Youth. What nobler name could any movement have?

It runs many societies, and the venture which is the newest and the nearest to the Fairbairn heart is the Children's Camp. The hundreds of boys and young men who belong to Fairbairn House pay their own way, but the subscriptions are small and the expenses are far from being so. Consequently, subscriptions from outside are needed to make the Children's Camp go. They have fallen short this summer. Fairbairn, which looks at every penny before spending it, will set the children on their way to the country somehow, but anyone who wants to help could not do better than send a subscription for the journey and the holiday to the Warden, Mansfield House Settlement, Fairbairn Hall, London, E.13.

Fairbairn has two mottoes: one in Latin, over the doorway, meaning that all things live on and grow more beautiful if only someone cares for them; the other is plain English, and reads: "Pick up the paper the other fellow dropped." Both are good rules for life. Let us lend a hand to those who are bravely keeping them Down East.

## Little Teddy Bear

The Call of the Koala. By Ambrose Pratt. Robertson and Mullens, 6s.

It is to an unknown artist seeing the little koala bear in Australia that children owe their Teddy Bears.

We are all interested in this little creature, and the news that it is proposed to put it under Government protection is very welcome.

Nature lovers will be interested in this book. Its 19 chapters deal with every phase of the koala, and tell us many facts about it, including the charming story of a bear named Edward, who, when his mother Angelica died, was adopted by a kind lady.

Koala is an aboriginal word meaning "Does not drink," for it is a remarkable thing that these animals never drink unless they are sick. They eat nothing but the leaves of a few of the 300 species of eucalyptus or gum trees that cover three-quarters of the wooded area of the Australian continent.

Because there is no fur as warm as theirs they were ruthlessly hunted at the beginning of this century, Queensland alone exporting as many as a million and a half pelts, while in one year three million were sold in the fur market of an American city. It was not until the bears had become almost extinct that legislation stopped this butchery, and they were at last given protection.

It has been proved that the koala lived in Western Australia a million years ago. Mr Pratt believes that its first home was in Antarctica, when Australia was linked with the Great White World.

This book has 20 beautiful illustrations, and many of the photographs are so appealing that they make us want to book a passage to Australia to see these creatures for ourselves.

#### How to Walk

Left on the Footpath  
Right on the Road

## NEW TYPE OF VILLAGE

### Gardens For All and No Aerials

It is usual in towns for the tenants of flats and very small houses to be spared the direct payment of rates and taxes, the landlord paying for them.

The fortunate dwellers in the community centre at Franklands Village, which has been erected by the Haywards Heath Building Society, will, however, deal with their own rate demand notes, as the Society believes the responsibility will make them better citizens.

This village has sprung from an idea of the local Rotary Club and is completely self-contained, including over 200 cottages and flats on an estate of 45 acres overlooking Ashdown Forest. Every household will have a garden of its own, and no wireless pole will spoil the view of a neighbour, for every aerial is hidden in the roof.

The village was begun by the Rotary Club members when the local authority ceased to erect houses for the workers, and, giving work to too men, it helped towards solving the local unemployment problem. Building is still going on, and we hope that many who are interested in housing problems will go and see Franklands, with its high standards of what is needed today. We are interested to see that the Minister of Health has declared that he knows no village in England comparable with Franklands.

## Keeping the King's Peace

The nation has been informed that there is no need for us to buy gas-masks or respirators, but that the Government will supply every house free with the necessary safeguards.

In course of time Air Raid Precaution wardens will visit us all, supply the respirators, and instruct us in their use, so that forewarned will be forearmed against any possible danger.

Such an enterprise has not been undertaken in this peaceful land since medieval days. We had a law in force for 600 years whereby we were supposed to be armed in readiness to help to keep the King's peace.

From 1285 onwards every male between 15 and 60 was commanded to have "harness" in his house for that purpose, this consisting, in the case of a knight, of armour, a sword, a knife, and a horse, while every peasant had to supply himself with bows and arrows.

In every little division, called a hundred, two constables were appointed whose duty it was to visit each house and see that the weapons were in order.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of August 1913

**The Man Who Spoke to Napoleon.** Ninety-two years have passed since Napoleon died, but there lives a man who saw him. M. Pierre Schamel-Roy, a veteran of nearly 106 years, lives in Paris today cherishing undimmed memories of the great tyrant dethroned, an exile in that far-off island to which he was sent to die.

The old man's father was one of the faithful French soldiers who accompanied Napoleon into captivity, and the old man, now living out the last of his days in Paris, remembers being taken by his mother to visit his father at St Helena. There he saw the Emperor, and knelt to kiss his hand. The royal prisoner patted the head of the boy and called him a loyal little fellow. Then he brought out a little doll, and showed it to the boy. It had belonged to his only son, the boy King of Rome.

"It is just as it left the Prince Imperial," he said. "It is dirty, as you see, but it was his little hands that soiled it."



## Complete in Two Parts

## ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

## The Three Anglers

## CHAPTER 1

## The Luncheon Basket

MR DUKE-GARNISH, the well-known financier, came noisily out of The Fisherman's Rest at Castle Banners to pile himself and his two guests into his car with their fishing tackle and a large luncheon basket. They were bound for the river which went winding past less than a mile away. But the financier was no believer in walking.

"Yesterday I was disappointed," he owned, with his hands on the wheel and a long cigar in his mouth, "but we ought to have more luck today. Lord Vellum stung me enough and to spare for this fishing, so unless it lives up to its fame I shall ask for my money back. Wouldn't you, Ricout?"

The man he addressed, who was leaning forward behind him, replied with a thin, cackling laugh. "Not you, Duke!" he uttered. "I can't see you with your millions asking Lord Vellum, or anyone else, to return you your money! Can you, Hanson?"

Their companion smiled a little, shaking his head, then spoke with the more constrained air of a casual acquaintance. "Of course, I can't claim the privilege of knowing our host as well as you know him," he said, "but I fancy, Mr Ricout, that a man would need plenty of nerve to approach the Foreign Secretary with such a request. By the way, has he come into residence yet at the Castle?"

"Who? Lord Vellum? No. He's coming next week, I think."

"Does he fish?" Hanson asked.

"Not now. He used to, but he's given it up. So Duke has rented the fishing for the whole season. Isn't that so, Duke?" remarked Ricout.

"That's so," answered Duke-Garnish, nodding. "I shall come down at week-ends." Then their car turned a corner which brought them into full sight of the river and the towing-path stretched beside it. But nowadays no barges were using this water, so the towing-path had fallen into disuse. A strongly-built hut grew visible as they approached.

Duke-Garnish pulled up. "Out you get!" he cried, reaching for his rod. "Ricout, you bring the basket. Mr Hanson, will you take his tackle?" And off they strode for the hut.

Its door was secured by a padlock. Their host raised his eyebrows. "Now where," he exclaimed, "has that lad gone? I told him we should be early."

"He has a pretty long step to come, hasn't he?" Hanson said.

"Aye, he lives right over there," muttered Duke-Garnish, pointing to the roofs of the little village under the hill. "But that's no excuse; he should be up to his time. I didn't engage him to let us do our own donkey work."

The financier was clearly put out, explaining irately that he wasn't accustomed to servants who disobeyed orders. "In my business—" he was going on, when Ricout stopped him with a touch on the arm. "Never mind, Duke. You've got the padlock's key," he said quickly.

"Of course," stressed Duke-Garnish.

Their eyes met.

Then Hanson, who had been eyeing the river, turned round. "Well, then," he suggested, "there's no need to wait for the lad. Why not open the hut and put the basket inside?"

His host appeared to reflect. "Oh, no," he said presently; "as the lad isn't here we'd better leave the hut locked. Dump the basket down by the towing-path."

So, leaving the basket outside the hut, the three men strung themselves out to take up their stations. Duke-Garnish went first, pursuing the bank for some distance before stopping just beyond a big clump of alders. A hundred yards below him Ricout had halted, and at equal distance, where the river bent near the hut, Mr Hanson, who looked more at home with a rod than the others, was already judiciously selecting his fly. He cast, and stood immobile, with calm, absorbed features.

And the morning wore on.

At noon Duke-Garnish came striding back in disgust. "I'm dashed if I've had a single bite," he admitted.

"Sure none of the fish got away from you?" Ricout said slyly.

"Well, how have you got on yourself?"

"Same as you, Duke," sighed Ricout.

Rejoining Hanson, "Any luck?" they called out.

He displayed a salmon. "A thirty-pounder or thereabouts," he uttered, without ostentation.

"Good man!" Duke-Garnish ejaculated in his thick voice. "When I asked you at the club to make up my party, because Arkwright had thrown me over at the last moment, I understood that you were tip-top at the game, Hanson. And so you must be, by George! Oh, good man! Good man!" Then he looked round. "Has that lad turned up?" he demanded.

"I haven't seen him," said Hanson.

"Well, we'll eat. I'm starving. Fetch the basket along, Ricout."

But Ricout, who had been glancing round also, stood dumbstruck, for their luncheon basket had vanished!

Its disappearance brought Duke-Garnish to boiling point. His red face turned purple with rage. Which perceiving, Mr Hanson made a proposal. "You two drive back to the inn and lunch there," said he, "while I stay here and keep a watch out for the lad. I'm no great hand at lunch myself—never was. So it won't be any privation to me. I assure you?"

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I do. You can leave your rods here. I'll look after them."

"And we'll bring you back a sandwich. Come on, Duke!" cried Ricout. So the two hurried off to the car.

## CHAPTER 2

## By Night

It was curious that a man in Duke-Garnish's position should make such a fuss about a mere luncheon basket! But so it was. Directly he returned from lunch he began to discuss the basket's mysterious disappearance, and next, as one who suddenly recollects, he asked Hanson whether "that wretched lad" had turned up.

"He's coming now!" exclaimed Ricout. In corduroy trousers and a coarse woollen shirt the truant was approaching at last down the tow-path with the slouching and unhurried gait of the yokel. Nor did he mend his pace when he sighted Duke-Garnish, but laboured along as though Time had come to a stop for him; then,

arriving, he tipped his cap and stood waiting in silence.

He was waiting for the wiggling which he had earned.

And receiving it hot and strong from his angry employer, in his soft burr he stammered excuses. Then Duke-Garnish informed him that their basket had gone. "And what do you know about that, you young half-wit?" he roared.

A glimpse of intelligence flickered across the lad's face. "Your luncheon basket, zurr?" His voice had quickened a trifle. "Nay, I knows naught about it sure-ly."

"It wouldn't have gone if you'd turned up this morning as I told you. I employed you to stand by the hut."

The lad gave no answer.

"Well, off you go now and hunt for that basket, or find out who stole it. If you discover it take it along to The Fisherman's Rest. And remember: No basket—no pay. Perhaps that will help you to get a move on, my lad!"

With this truculent reminder Duke-Garnish dismissed him, and the party fished on fruitlessly till half-past four, when they gave it up for the day and drove back to the inn. There, over a cup of tea, Ricout opened his mind more.

"I tell you, Duke," he persisted, "I'm not at all satisfied about our basket's strange disappearance. There is no one round here who would steal it. Is that lad honest? That's what I want to know. Is that lad honest?"

"What do you know about him?" asked Hanson.

"Nothing," acknowledged their host. "I can only tell you that when I turned up here the day before yesterday the lad presented himself, said he'd heard that I'd taken the fishing, that he knew all about the river, and wanted a job. Would I give him a job? So I engaged him to fetch and carry for us."

"What's his name, Duke?"

"He told me it was Durham. He lives in that village I showed you."

Then Ricout turned to Hanson. "You were fishing nearest the hut, Mr Hanson," he said. "Did you notice any stranger hanging about?"

"No. But possibly I was too pre-occupied," rejoined Hanson, as he rose with a smile, displaying an invitation card. "Well, I'll have to say goodbye till tomorrow," he went on, "as I've promised to show up at this regimental reunion tonight."

## JACKO GETS LET DOWN

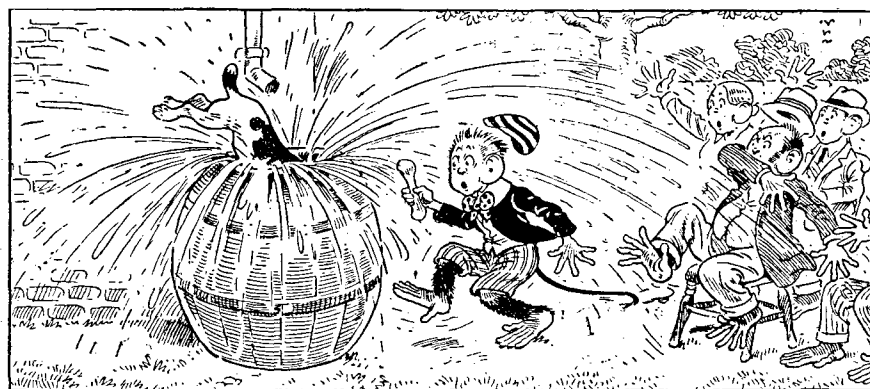
JACKO's money-box was nearly empty, so he and Chimp decided to earn some pennies by giving a variety show in the garden. They practised hard, and then begged all their relatives to come to see it.

When the time arrived so many came that the boys had a job to find enough chairs. "Gosh! Look at 'em coming in!" whispered Chimp. "I reckon we'll make a fortune when the hat goes round!"

butt, "just watch the Wonder Dog of Monkeyville about to take his famous flying leap."

But this time Bouncer wouldn't come up to scratch. He just stood stolidly on one side of the water-butt while the boys coaxed hard from the other side.

"Trust a pal to let you down!" growled Jacko, beneath his breath. "Here!" he cried, flourishing a bone which had been brought for emergency.



Splash! With a startled bark Bouncer shot into the barrel.

The show started with some conjuring by Adolphus's friend Sambo, who had good-naturedly agreed to help. After that Jacko and Chimp gave a gymnastic display, and took turns in acting the clown.

The star turn came last of all when Bouncer, the butcher's dog, strutted out wearing a large coloured bow. He delighted the audience with some clever tricks which his master had taught him years before.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," cried Jacko, pointing to a huge rainwater

"Let's see if this will make you budge."

It did! Bouncer leapt towards the juicy morsel, and missed his footing. Splash! With a startled bark he shot into the barrel instead of over it.

The guests all shrieked as the water splashed over them. But there was a fine commotion when Bouncer bounced out, dripping wet, and took a surprise leap right over their heads.

Poor Jacko got the biggest shock of all—but it was nothing to what he got from his father when the visitors had gone home.

I'll catch the mail up to London and change in my chambers. Oh, and by the way, Mr Duke-Garnish, I suppose you'll send that stunner I caught to Lord Vellum?"

"Yes, naturally. With our compliments," answered Duke-Garnish.

"But don't let out, Duke, that it's our only one yet," put in Ricout.

"Not likely!" he was assured.

Hanson moved towards the door. "I'll walk to the station," he said. "The exercise will do me good after standing all day."

"No, no, man! I'll run you along in my car," laughed his host.

"Thanks very much, but I'd rather walk. Really!" smiled Hanson. And, giving them a cheerful nod, off he went.

Their conversation flowed more freely without him. And presently, as they sat together at dinner, there being still no news of their basket, Ricout leaned across the tablecloth, dropping his voice.

"Duke, I'm more uneasy about that lad than I showed in front of Hanson. There are one or two things in that hut well worth stealing, remember. I don't like it; I don't like it at all," he whispered.

"Oh, tosh!" growled Duke-Garnish.

"It isn't tosh, and you know that," Ricout persisted, while he fixed a straight and peculiar look on his friend. "I don't trust that lad, Duke. Suppose he breaks into the hut and starts foraging? That would never suit either of us."

"You scared of a young country bumpkin?"

"Scared? No! But careful? Yes. And one needs to be careful." Ricout went to the window, peered out. "The clouds are collecting," he said. "As soon as it's dark you and I must slip off to the hut and have a look round to make sure that lad isn't prying about—to make sure everything's safe."

"You don't catch me turning out again," grumbled Duke-Garnish.

"Do you seriously mean that?"

"I do."

"Then I throw in my hand. You can carry on without me. I'm through."

Was Ricout counting on his threat to prevail? Very likely. For eleven o'clock had just sounded when both of them were stealing noiselessly forth, to make their way, on foot for once, to the river. Black as the night had grown when they came to the hut, their pocket-torches showed it fast on its padlock, nor did their ears catch any movement inside.

"There! What did I tell you!" expostulated Duke-Garnish.

Ricout snatched at his arm. "Be quiet!" he hissed. "Shut your light off."

He had cut off his own torch and was listening with bated breath. A faint sound had reached him. And suddenly the moon peeping out from a cloud revealed a dim shape bending over the water. Beyond a doubt there was somebody watching the water. A man's figure. Perhaps a poacher, laying his night-lines.

Simultaneously the two watchers let out a shout.

And then they raced for it, with Ricout ahead. Both flashed their torches in front of them as they ran. And, though a false step might have plunged him into the river, Ricout, hard and athletic, never once faltered.

Not so the fugitive whom they were pursuing. He stumbled now, where the tow-path dipped with abruptness. On his feet once more, but with Ricout hard on his heels, he was feeling his way down the bank to take to the water and swim for it, when Ricout in a frenzy hurled his torch at him.

The heavy steel instrument struck the man full on the temple, and pitching headlong, he dropped, stunned, at their mercy.

Ricout raised him, turned him on to his back, and stood over him, until Duke-Garnish had come panting up, showing his light. Then, flashing that light on their captive, they gasped with amazement.

Their prisoner wasn't a poacher, then! It was Hanson. Hanson, who was supposed to be miles away in London.

What to do with him? His consciousness had not returned. Between them they managed to carry him to the hut; they unlocked the door and let him slip to the floor. But their movements were automatic and dazed with bewilderment, for they were stupefied by his presence. What had he been doing here? Why had he lied to them?

Had he only been watching the water? Or searching their hut?

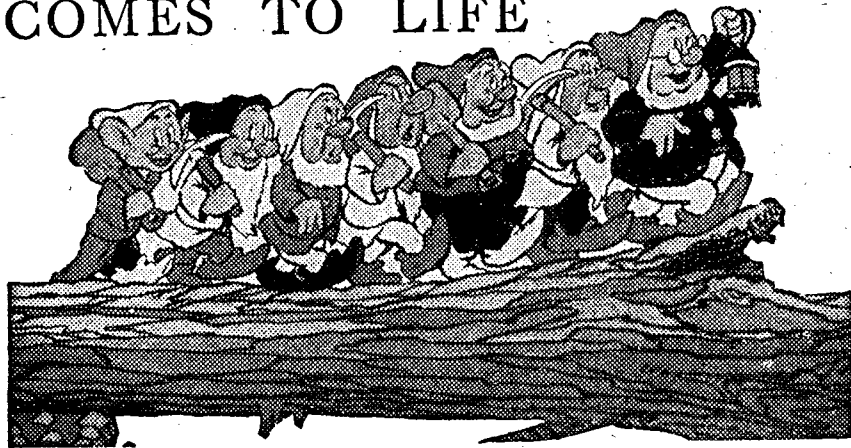
"Well, we'll soon find the answer to that," Duke-Garnish said hoarsely. "If he comes round you keep him fast, Ricout, while I have a look."

He crossed to a cupboard and took out a couple of candles.

TO BE CONTINUED



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son	2	6		Howard	1	0		Miss B. Turner	10	0		Miss V. Reddrop	10	0	
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Miss Jarvis	5	0		Misses Shovey	14	6		Misses Watkordine	10	0		John Moss	5	0	
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 6, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

**L**  
Dick: How are you getting on with your driving lessons?

Sidney: Fairly well, thank you. The road is at last beginning to turn when I do.

### What Happened on Your Birthday

- August 7. Ottawa chosen as capital of Canada. 1858  
8. Thomas Crofton Croker, Irish antiquary, died. 1854  
9. John Dryden born. 1631  
10. Battle of Chevy Chase. 1388  
11. Cardinal Newman died. 1890  
12. Robert Southey born. 1774  
13. William Wotton born. 1666

### Hidden County Cricketers

In each sentence the name of a well-known county cricketer is concealed.

The grass becomes dewy at twilight.

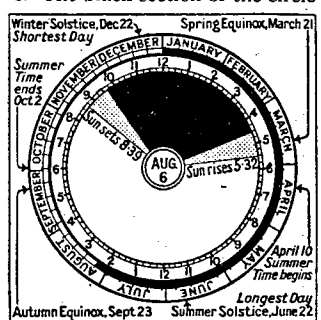
All the shops will be shut to-night.

Belated riches often prove to be a man's undoing.

Answer next week

### The C N Calendar

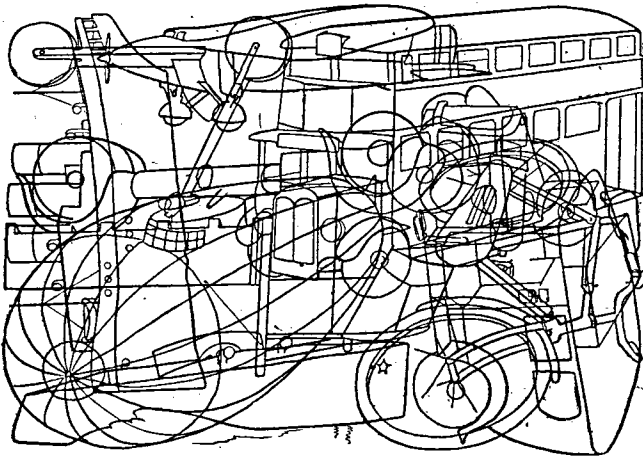
This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on August 6. The black section of the circle



under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has already gone.

## CAN YOU NAME THESE THINGS?

Money Awards For CN Girls and Boys



### Ici on Parle Français



Le banjo Le pierrot Le tambour  
banjo pierrot drum

"Voilà les pierrots! Je voudrais bien savoir jouer du banjo."—"Moi, je voudrais battre le tambour."

"There are the pierrots! I wish I could play the banjo."—"I'd like to beat the drum."

### This Week in Nature

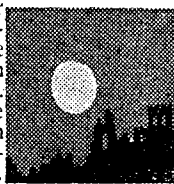
THE familiar devil's coach-horse is seen. This dull black insect is common in gardens and when disturbed or alarmed cocks up its tail. The devil's coach-horse should not be destroyed for it feeds on insect pests.

### Some Hopes

At breakfast pride was in his eyes—  
Said he had dreamed of cricket.  
"I bowled," he added, "and, first ball,  
I got Don Bradman's wicket."

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the west and Jupiter is in the south-east. In the morning Saturn is in the south. The picture shows the moon at 9.30 on Monday, August 8.



### How to Catch a Rabbit

WHAT is the best way to catch a rabbit? Stoop down behind a bush and make a noise like a turnip.

### Rainproof

A CONTENTED old duck remarked, "Quack! I'm supplied with an oil for my back. So whenever there's rain I've no cause to complain, For I'm wearing a natural mac!"

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Find the Hidden Birds  
Watch, Anchor, Ladder, Wall, Kite, Saw, Nest, Latch, Oar, Octopus, Trestle, Gate, Unicorn, Rake, Claw, Indian, Tree, Yacht, Acorn, Jug, (Swallow, Swan, Owl, Gull, Rook, Crow, Tit, Jay.) What Am I? Bellows

### The C N Cross Word Puzzle

DRAGON PRANCE  
RABBIT EAST  
ABALIMENT RE  
MASS LAP IRON  
LOST C BRIM  
TAN OMEGA BAR  
ANKEKE NSW NO  
ICE ENSUE ACT  
LEMON O DATES

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

JOAN was longing to explore the cliffs.

"All right. We'll take Neddy too," answered Brian. "Come on, old chap." And he gave the donkey a pat on his shaggy back.

"There may be smugglers," said Joan. "Oh, look!" She pointed to a large cave. "Let's go in and see what there is inside. No, Neddy, you had better wait outside."

The two children quickly dismounted and entered the dim cavern.

"Boom! Boom!" thundered the sea as it dashed on the rocks close by.

"It's getting quite dark," whispered Joan.

"Here, I've my torch," Brian drew it out and flashed the light on the shining walls.

"Oh, look! A box! It's a treasure chest," cried Joan, and she ran to a dark object in a corner. "Oh, Brian, can you open it?"

Together they tugged at the straps, and at last with a jerk the box flew open.

"Bah!" exclaimed Brian, disgustedly. "It's nothing but an old picnic set, rusty and wet!"

"See, the floor is becoming all wet, and how cold it feels," whispered Joan, and her voice sounded strange and hollow.

"Oh, what's that?" She gave a little shriek as a deep

laugh echoed through the gloomy cavern.

This weird sound was followed by another.

"It's nothing," comforted Brian, but his voice was rather shaky. "Come on, Joan, we'd better go."

"It's there again!" Joan caught her brother's arm. "And look! What's that?"

A dark shape almost blotted out the entrance, and again the strange sound echoed along the passage.

Suddenly Brian burst out laughing. "Why, it's Neddy! See, Joan, it's only Neddy. He's come to meet us."

They rushed forward and grasped Neddy's bridle.

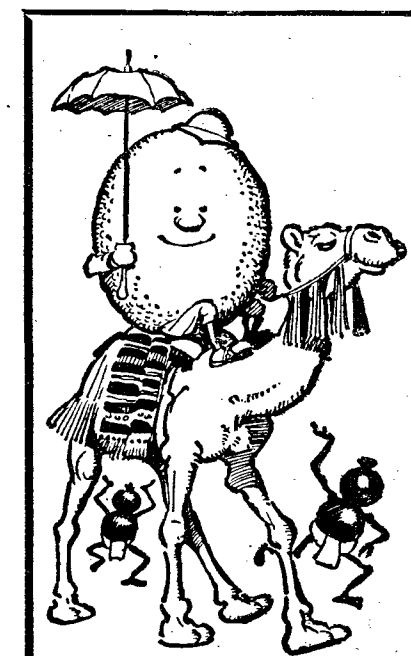
## THE STRANGE LAUGH

"The tide has come up while we were in the cave. See, it's all water where the sands at the entrance to the cave was. Jump up behind me, Joan," cried Brian, and away they splashed across the water.

"That laugh," jerked out Joan as they bounced along, "was Neddy warning us of danger."

"Good old Neddy!" Brian patted the shaggy neck. "You shall have an extra large carrot and four lumps of sugar when we reach home. Gee up!"

"He-haw!" brayed Neddy, two minutes later, as they stepped on to the sands.



SAID LEMON FOR  
DESSERT "EN ROUTE"  
-IN ROWNTREE'S YOU  
CAN TASTE THE FRUIT!

Rowntree's  
Fruit Gums  
& Pastilles

2d  
TUBES

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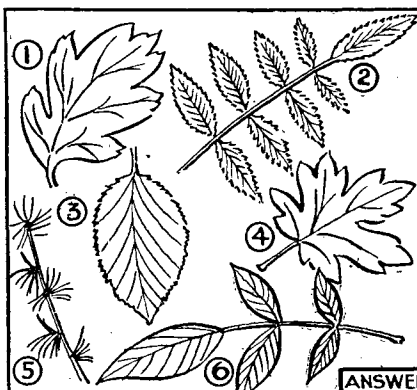
## FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

which is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its maintenance. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Secretary, The Infants Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

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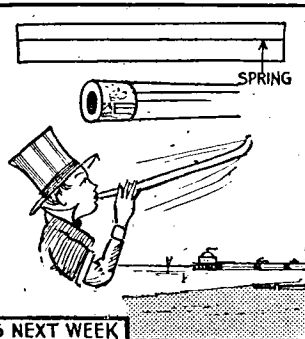
All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



Above are leaves from six familiar trees. Can you name them correctly?

To make a fine "boomerang blower" hold an old watch-spring out flat and glue it to a strip of paper, later glue this paper into a cylinder. Bore a hole through a cork and glue this into one end of the paper cylinder, pushing one end of the spring into the cork mouthpiece.

## Peter Puck's Fun Fair



Here's the captain of the pleasure steamer, but turn the picture upside-down and you'll see one of the passengers.



Can you complete these two word-squares by inserting the following letters? A, A, P, D, E, E, E, H, H, I, I, L, L, L, O, O, P, P, S, S, S, S. The same words read both down and across.

## A "FOUNTAIN PEN" for 2d

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